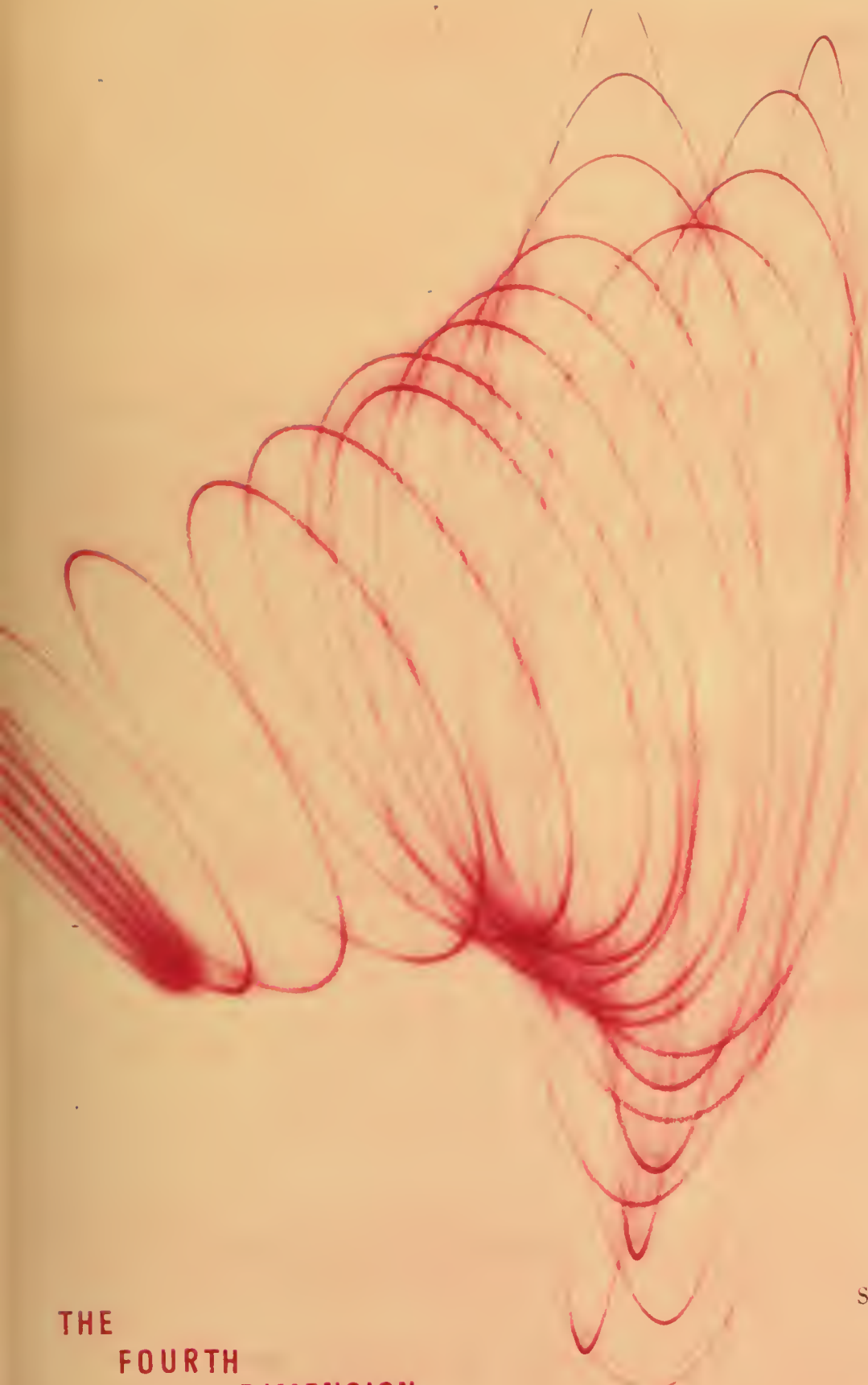




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THE
FOURTH
DIMENSION

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

VOLUME III
1974 - 75

PATRONS

Thane Wheeler

Michaelle de Verteuil

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Baker

BanDallHedOli

G. C. Ian Burgess

Mrs. G. C. Ian Burgess

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Creighton

A Friend

A Friend

Harry L. Frost

Byron Harker

C. Hedrei

James E. Iversen

J. D. Jardine

Elliot Norman Kaufman

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lande

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Landsberger

Lucas Association for
Finer Fellowship

Dr. Donald Lawrence

E. Leclair

Mrs. William D. Levy

Philip Litvack

J. K. Martin

Brian W. Porter

Leigh I. Seville

Robert G. Small

Mrs. Robert G. Small

P. Cameroff

A Friend

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Burns

B. S. Stevens

Robert W. Stevenson

A. S. Troubetzkoy

E. Walker

Mathieu Weber

J. Clarke

John Astic

John J. Shannon

A. Wiggins

Barry Williams

H. B. Williams

William T. Wood

Jan Astic

PHOTO: R. SCHOUELA



CHILDREN AT PLAY

M. MAINWARING

It was Saturday morning and the children were playing. They were enjoying themselves immensely — five of them taking turns riding the one bicycle available.

All was well until the neighbourhood bully, Marc and his brother, Louis, decided to join them. Marc was several years older than his brother who was one year older and twenty pounds heavier than the other children. As soon as the two came into sight, the children stopped playing and tensed in fearful anticipation. Sure enough, the older boys headed toward them.

"My brother wants to ride the bike," Marc stated flatly.

The children didn't know what to do. They did not want to let Louis ride, but Marc was bigger and stronger than any of them. Just about the time they were ready to agree to his demands, Larry, the oldest of the group, spoke up, "Well, he can't. Last time we let him ride, he made the front tire go flat."

The children gasped at their leader's folly. Didn't he know that one had to give in to these people.

"That's too bad," Marc sneered. "It would be a pity if something happened to this bike; and if you don't let my brother ride, something will."

The children went into a hurried consultation. They babbled and muttered for several minutes before arriving at a decision. "Okay, we'll let him ride," Larry said resignedly.

Marc thought for a moment. "That's not all I want," he said. "You'll have to pay me a quarter a week or I'll wreck your bike." This was blackmail! They had already agreed to the tyrant's original demands. Why was he asking for more?

"I'll go and tell Mom," Larry said, running toward the house. Inside, Larry found his mother very busy. "It's not fair," he told her. "They're always shoving us around and now Marc says he's gonna wreck my bike." But she had heard the same story a thousand times. Her repeated efforts to remedy the situation had done no good, and she was tired of being the judge. "It's your problem," she said, "solve it yourself."

Forsaken by their usual defender, the children had no choice. They gave the bullies what they wanted. Marc and Louis swaggered away. They had won yet another battle, and they were confident of winning many more.

THREE BLIND MICE

M. PALAYEW

The old, stooped men shuffled slowly along the grey, cracked sidewalks, under cloudy, grey skies. Their white, peeling canes tapped the song of the blind; and the black, mutilated hats lay askew on their heads. Their clothes were wrinkled from weeks of wear, and each of the men's ties was knotted three inches below the collar.

It was still early and very few cars went by; thus, it was easy to cross the streets that would be jammed with traffic in a matter of an hour. As the men approached the pharmacy on the corner, one left the group and sat on the doorstep. The other two continued to shuffle and tap the grey sidewalks.

After school, my friends and I would walk down the street and watch the old men. We threw marbles into their hats, and they thanked us, thinking that we had given money. The second of blind men would stop at the next corner — three blocks over. Some days we would visit each street corner, steal some money from the battered hats and sing the nursery rhyme "Three Blind Mice". . . .

I lay on the hospital bed; the fire had left me blind for life. I thought of the three, stooped men, shuffling along the grey streets; would I be like them? . . .

I am now fifty-five; my hair feels thin and my beard is rough. I have battered my hat so people will think I have been begging for a long time. I have told my widowed sister to wrinkle my pants and jacket and knot my tie halfway down my old chest. I am starting to beg on this humid day for the first time, and the tune of the nursery rhyme, "Three Blind Mice," pounds in my ears and throughout my entire body.

THE BEST THING

E. STEVENSON

"Come in, son, come in," boomed the corpulent man seated by the fire.

"Yes, father," replied little Andrew. He stepped cautiously over to his father and studied the carpeting on the floor as he stood there.

"First off, look at me. You're not in trouble." He took an appreciative puff of his cigar, and blew the smoke toward the fireplace. "I've been talking things over with your mother. Because of your problems getting along in school, we have decided to send you to boarding school next year. It will make a man of you, son. It did for me."

Andrew trembled. This would mean leaving Mother and Nanny, two people he truly loved. He thought of the coming isolation and insecurity; he felt his eyes water and his cheeks go hot.

His father continued, "No doubt, it will be difficult at first, but you'll get used to it. And look, the school where we are sending you is only a hundred miles away. You can come home on the holidays to see us. It has excellent sports facilities, and a little discipline never hurt . . ."

Little Andrew had gone to bed; his father sat back in his chair and contemplated the fire. "After all," he thought, "it was for Andrew's own good."

PLANNING

E. STEVENSON

"Tell me, John," the principal said, "with all this work, how are you coming along with your studies? If you are so busy planning the dances, aren't your studies and projects suffering?"

"Well," John considered, "I don't think so. I mean my marks are up, aren't they?" He did not want to be bothered with such questions right now when there was so much to plan. He had to worry about today, not the future. After a few evasive replies, John left for home.

At home, he spent one and a half hours on the telephone, talking over entertainment with other students. At nine-thirty, he briefly studied some chemistry, then returned to his scheduling. Finally, after writing an essay at eleven, he went to bed, feeling satisfied that he had accomplished a great deal that night.

The next night, he romped home, jubilant with the success of the dance.

Two weeks later, baffled and upset, he tried to explain his poor exam results to his parents. The only solution he could discover was that it must be the teachers' fault.

"I mean, my marks were so high during the term."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. LEVY

The moonbeam struggles to break into through the stuffy clouds and into the open. With a final push, it is through; and with a slap, it finds that is alive!

Spring's daisy does not understand its life; yet it is happy. Perhaps, it is the happiest of all the seasons.

The dandelion feels scorched in summer's heat. It is full of questions and insufficient answers. "But why? I want to know. I hate you! I hate you!" The weed must be plucked and shaped into its place.

Fall's arthritic leaves want to know, "Where did it all go?" The answers that fluttered away, in the spring, could be in reach. But, what has been done since then? Nothing . . . and the leaves are turning brown.

Blinded by the glory of success, an emaciated arm stretches to feel the wrinkled texture of the answers to all the questions. Yet, even as the answers crawl away slowly enough to be caught in summer's days, the wintry seeker realizes that the game is over.

IN PURSUIT OF A GOAL

R. SCHOUELA

Dreams destroy men; you should not keep dreams yet you should not ignore them

John had finally made up his mind. He left the dullness of his bank cage, and its promise of a promotion, to become an actor. He constantly watched movies and lived in an imaginary world of acting and stardom.

A man looks at someone else and dreams, "Boy, would I like his life style." It gnaws at him for years and separates him from everybody else.

John worked hard for a long time; and on the way up, he met many people who were cold and artificial. He kept getting pushed back by big people and it slowed him down.

As he becomes more infatuated with his dream, he turns away from those who are close in order to play up to his superiors.

One day John appeared in a movie which made him famous. He was now on the same level as all the stars he had admired so passionately. Yet all the glamour was unreal. He couldn't pretend the daily enjoyment of his false impression of the dream.

Finally, he makes the grade. He realizes his dream and sees that it is not that special.

Once he was in their world, John could see that the stars about him were not happy either – not they way they once seemed to be in the dream.

His dream has caved in around him. His life, finite, has been spent impressing himself.

John decided to return home to his old job and friends. On the freeway, leaving behind his stardom, he remembered some words that he had once read:

They're busy making bigger roads,
and better roads and more,
so that people can discover
even faster than before
that everything is everywhere alike.

THE PATH

P. OLIVER

The young boy stepped from the school door and began walking home. Only three days ago his mother had walked with him, showing him the way and implanting it in his mind, forever. He reached the gate and turned down the street. There, he saw an old man who held up a stop sign and let him cross. He continued walking down the centre of the sidewalk, hardly stopping or straying to either side. When he reached the intersection, he waited until the light turned green and walked quickly to the other side. He followed this path along the sidewalk as far as the park, but here he disobeyed his mother's instructions, and took a short cut across the snow-covered football field. He began walking in deep snow, but soon, finding it too difficult to go any farther, made his way over to a path which had been formed by other people who had gone before. Finally, he reached his street, and looking both ways to check for cars (a practice which had also been taught him) crossed it. He ran up the front steps and entered the house, finishing the journey.

The next day, stepping out the door of his house, he followed again the path which had been pointed out before, and followed it, and followed it, and followed it. . . The mainstream which had been planned and surveyed already seemed the easier route than that found by setting off by striking off on his own.

A SLEEPING BALLOON

S. CHIPMAN

A dart
pierces tranquility;
Silence hisses
from the aperture
and dies in the vacuum.

POEM

S. CHIPMAN

This poem may not
seem to have a visual form,
but these markings
represent the confused masses
who form groups
and line up, row upon row
to protect themselves.

BELLS

S. CHIPMAN

Melancholy bells
touch my ears —

helplessly swinging, swinging,
ever scanning,
 ever seeking,
for someone
to share their lonely melodies.

A CONCRETE POEM

S. CHIPMAN

This poem is
written with a black pen
on a white page.

CLICHE

S. CHIPMAN

I chased an idea
through many minds.

When I caught him,
he was tired and overworked
and could not be used.

SOUND

S. CHIPMAN

The stem blossoms;
The vacant room
Absorbs the fragrance
And echoes the colours
Until
The walls stop laughing
And
 the flower
 bows
 and
 dies.

SMOKE

S. CHIPMAN

Where red eyes
and white pupils
touch the knees
circling
the candle-lit centre,
the flame melts,
and the circumference
flickers,
 fades,
 dies,
and darkness fills the mind.

THE SKIERS

S. CHIPMAN

Carving figures
in newly-fallen snow,
soaring from blemishes
deeply scarring
precious faces,
the skiers
give back their creations
to dawn's graveyard.

GRASS BLADES

S. CHIPMAN

Grass blades
prick my back;

my tears fall
on the sky.

P. WATERHOUSE

The sign on the front of the building read: "Engineer wanted, apply within."

"Well, here I am and right on time for my appointment."

The well-dressed, black man entered the building's lobby and walked to the employment office. He was greeted by a lovely receptionist who offered him a seat in the waiting room. He sat down next to a young white in his early twenties. "Looks like we're in the same boat," the black man said.

"Ya, you can say that again."

"What job are you applying for?" the black man asked.

"Oh, anything they have," the young white replied.

"Well, what are your qualifications?" asked his black companion.

"To be honest with you, I really don't have anything outstanding. I dropped out of my first year of college. I just couldn't stand the load. And then I worked in a gas station for two years. Do you have any?"

"Yes, I have a Masters in Engineering."

"Great, you've got the job."

At this point, the secretary's call for Mr. Jones, the white man, interrupted; and Mr. Jones left for his interview with Mr. Loaf, the Personnel Director. Mr. Panther remained in the waiting room until he heard his name called and he, too, went to Mr. Loaf's office.

"Mr. Panther, I'm Mr. Loaf."

"How do you do."

"Have a seat. I've been looking over your record and I'm sorry to say that the job I had in mind for you has been filled."

"Oh!"

"I'm sorry, but we don't have any other openings."

"Thank you, Mr. Loaf, for your time and effort. I appreciate everything you have done for me. Good-bye, sir."

A few days later, Mr. Panther ran into Mr. Jones. He greeted his waiting room acquaintance and congratulated him on his job.

"You must be kidding. I turned it down because I felt you were much better qualified. You got the job, didn't you?"

"No, they said that it had been taken, and I assumed. . ."

"That's really stange. Say, may I take you to lunch?"

"Yes, thank you." And both men moved closer to a friendship.

THE MIRROR

K. MUNRO

One day, I sat on a white picket fence, and in the stillness of a summer breeze, my thoughts wandered, uninhibited, free. Above me, in the loneliness of empty space, a single white cloud wandered aimlessly, seeking refuge in the confusion of its comrades. Falling from the sky, my gaze soon fell upon a distressed soul, looking profoundly out of place. How I pitied that poor soul! His expressionless eyes, his dishevelled hair, his frowning face, all displayed discontent. A pitiful soul, he seemed completely lost, yet he knew where he was: I am sure of that, for there was about him a self-reliance that gave him confidence. Intrigued, I stared, without fear of being noticed. Yet, I could not stare long, for as a rock fell from my hand into the puddle, his image vanished in a confusion of dimensions. And as I looked overhead, the single cloud had disappeared, absorbed by a multitude of white billows.

THE WISHING-WELL

S. WATSON

The penny falls,
flutters to the bottom
of the mystic pool.

A wish,
fervently whispered
under the breath.

Faces,
disbelieving,
turn aside,
laughing



PHOTO: R. SCHOUELA

THE THINKER

S. WATSON

Rodin's creation
(or his creator),
sits
gloomily
upon his rock,
bronze-bound
condemned to eternal thought.

DAWN

S. WATSON

The expressionless dawn
gives joy to a joyless
to a joyless world,
but
is quickly swallowed
in the morning rush.

FIREBIRDS OF THE SUN

S. WATSON

Seagulls
flying from the sun –
wings
edged with liquid gold,
feathers
radiant in their own reflections.

Seagulls only,
disguised
firebirds.

TRANQUILITY

A. SCHUBERT

It had been like this for days. From the demon clouds, white bullets, carried by fairly gusty winds, had bombarded the village.

The old man put his glasses away. He was tired. Moaning, he rose from the squeaking rocking chair in the corner and reached for the light switch. Fifi, his dog, slept already. As he said good night to his dog, a barely audible bark was heard from under the table. He turned the light off and the sound of dragging slippers faded away when the door to his room shut behind him.

Now everything was quiet. White moonlight shone onto the antique rocking chair where the old man had left his book. Its yellowed pages rested upon the flat, worn-out cushion. A very rhythmical snoring began, and after a while, it seemed to be racing time.

Suddenly, a light wind knocked the improperly shut door. The mesmerizing regularity of the sleeping sounds abruptly changed to coughing, whereupon the room was illuminated. Still half asleep, he reached for the alarm clock. His wrinkled fingers clumsily sought the table top. With a crash, the clock fell and started ringing. Cursing, he picked it up and rubbed his eyes. It was five in the morning. With a deep, satisfying sigh, he fell back into a sleep, and night continued.

SOLITUDE

B. BARRIERE

The boy strolled into the warm house and kicked off his boots, sending them down the stairway. He carefully hung his clothes on a hanger tarnished with use. A kitten appeared and he stroked it gently as he walked into the kitchen.

Bored by a day of school and all the people who went there, he slurped his way back to the long stairway. Above him appeared his destination. Clothes flew toward a chair, and shortly, the boy re-appeared wearing jeans and a football sweater.

As time passed, he found himself sitting at his desk; he was thinking profoundly. Even the sound of the cat's purring disappeared and he entered the realms of solitude. Shortly, to his amazement, words came flowing from his pen and created an essay about life. He was shocked for although he wore an impressive uniform, he had never worked up to the expectations before. It now seemed that the portrait of this boy contained much more than was apparent.

For some awkward reason, the essay grew longer and longer; he, himself, sensed that his paper could never contain all that he wished to say. When the paper was finally filled, he left it and picked up an old photo album. He examined each picture carefully; and for the first time, they seemed to tell him a story.

"George, dinner," a voice cried out. He read over his essay and began his descent to the kitchen. The family sounds began to bruise his ears.

"What were you doing, George?" his mother asked.

"Thinking!"

"About what?" she asked.

"Life."

"Don't be silly," his mother said, laughing.

"When you're alone, you can meet yourself." As he looked, their faces seemed to giggle at him.

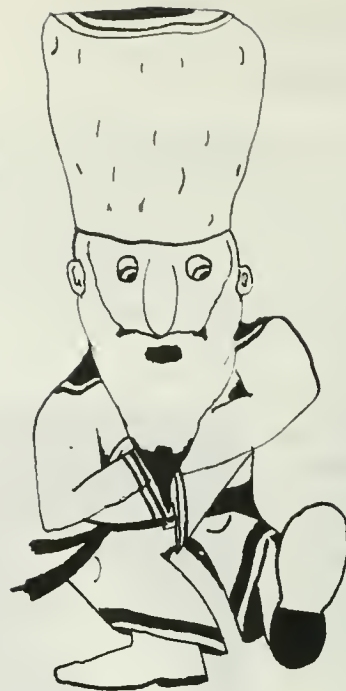
"It's true," he said, "all about yourself."

C'EST VRAI

M. WHITEHEAD

C'est pourtant vrai.
Que l'amnistie
Donne la liberté,
Et pour certains, la vie.

C'est difficile
De distinguer.
Si vrai c'est faux,
Ou faux, c'est vrai.



INK DRAWING: N. HOWSON

IN AN EMPTY WINDOW

R. ORVIG

The breeze shifted the creepers around the grimy window. A few rays of sunlight penetrated the dirt and shifted into the interior. The only signs of life were the occasional rodents, the odd bird and the uncontrollable vines.

The garden was now infested with weeds stealing life from the other plants. The brown grass was patchy and knee length. Niches appeared in the sturdy rock walls and the roof had little effect in keeping the rain out from the top floor. On the east side, the window panes had long ago been smashed by branches propelled by violent storms. Overgrown fields, around the house, reeked of desolation.

A welcoming fire burned in the hearth and an odour of stew filled every room. The house bubbled in warmth and light. There were smiles in every window and laughter drifted through the walls. The kitchen stove roared and was covered with bubbling pots. A curl of grey smoke left the chimney into the starry night.

The heavy oak door wouldn't close; long cold winters had done a good job of warping it and sealing the window frames. One end of the stately veranda was collapsing, its supports rotted away. The tool shed leaned on a crazy angle and was propped up by a few old timbers. All the brass beds were tarnished and their ornamental knobs had become treasures for the marauding children's play-boxes. The noon sun was shining through a skylight into the empty attic. Far in a corner a stray cat's lair held four pitifully crying kittens. A small tumbleweed had attached itself to one of the veranda railings and lay in contentment. A creeper grew through the pantry window and peeked shyly in.

The morning sun streamed in, waking the inhabitants to another day. As sounds filled the house, the farmer stood at a window and a smile crinkled his mouth as he surveyed his domain. The hiss of frying bacon interrupted his thoughts and he turned for breakfast. Gaity leaked from every corner. His children ran around the kitchen, furiously absorbed in some new game. The sun heated his body as he started to his fields.

The morning sun streamed in through the holes as the cat stood with her forepaws on the window sill surveying her domain. A sound interrupted her, and she turned to go. It was one of her kittens whimpering for its breakfast.

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

G. SIMPSON

One night after I had finished all my homework, I went over to my window and looked out. The contrast of the many old streetlamps against the dark, gloomy man called night was a welcoming sight. An old, grey-haired man leaned on his cane as he rested during his nightly stroll down the road. I gazed at the sky and saw the many dots of an artist's painting appear.

In the night breeze, I heard the music of musicians, the soft melodies of cats and birds sometimes invited by the harmony of dogs. Around candycane lamp-posts the buzzing of numerous pieces of sawdust filled the air. This went on for a long time until the streetlights dimmed and the musicians had finished their symphony.

IN AN EMPTY WINDOW

M. LEVY

There was a feeling of warmth mixed with a sense of historical mystery when she lived there. It was a special house then, and I am amazed that I never noticed its shortcomings before. Every crack and scratch was alive to her memory. Intangible as they were to me, each imperfection teemed with the special significance of some important event to her. Now, they are lost forever to the victor — time. And lost, also, is my innocence, for I have discovered that things age, and that they come and go.

It used to be nice to wave and smile at the jagged but sweet face in the window. Now, however, it is a frame without glass — faceless . . .

THE WINDOW

C. BIRD

Strange, now that I think of it, the way people looked down at me, their faces full of the reaction to my plight. I lay on the sidewalk covered with blood and glass. Looking up, I could see behind the people's faces the fourth story window from which I had been pushed. The jagged edges of the glass still cling to the sides of the window. More directly above me I saw that the lady wearing the funny hat, the man with a cigar and a moustache, the man with the blue tie — all were horror-stricken. One face, however, was smiling — why, only I will know.

HOPE

A. DALGLISH

From the box of Pandora and the wisdom of Prometheus, sprung hope. A bright fire in a snowy desert is the driving force — the soul itself. When hope fails, despair is the conqueror.

FOSSIL

A. DALGLISH

History stamped his fist into the mighty rock. An illustration of pre-historic times tells of an era when man did not exist. Creatures of old were mighty and strong, but time, the ruler, dismissed them long ago. The fossil tells a story; only a few listen; nevertheless, it speaks.

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

L. LANDSBERGER

I looked in the window, and he stared back at me, straight into my eyes, unflinching. Uneasy at his penetrating glance, I had to turn away, but whenever I looked back at his impassive face, the eyes seemed to pierce me with a boundless knowledge of my uncomfortable thoughts.

Such was my meeting with this unforgettable phenomenon. After my initial fright and anxiety, I got to know this person better, and I welcomed and recognized him as a friend. Knowing me so well, he was able to advise me to my advantage, while other friends seemed indifferent and callous toward my problems. And he always counselled me the way he thought best for me, unlike others, who concealed their often slightly selfish motives behind friendly-sounding suggestions. This friend was always loyal to me, even in the face of adversity; and he was always there when I needed him, to comfort and support me in times of weakness.

He grew to be so much a part of me from that moment of discovery that he became impossible to disregard and he was the one entity whose comforting presence always came to mind in troubled moments. When all others had forsaken me, his was the only spirit that remained by my side.

Perhaps, paradoxically, everyone has to have a confidant like this to be self-reliant. The presence of such a friend, though it is the only such acquaintance possible, is all that is necessary for a justified, self-sufficient life, and once it has been found, the individual can step with assurance into any adversity, fearlessly and powerfully.

So, if ever in doubt or affliction, turn to discover the only reliable comrade existing; look into the window and mirror of your soul and spirit, the reflection of your only strength.

"BUT I WAS FREE"

R. HALL

Walking alone down the desolated street, I realized that I was free now. I had no worries or fears and I was on my own. Rain splashed on my face. The fog swirled around me. I was obscure to others, but I was myself in the full light of a sunny day. The heat seared my lips.

The buildings were high and made of concrete. The glass reflected rays of light. Country people stared in awe. But I looked ahead. I was cold. The snow fluttered around me. It was beautiful. Cars honked and people shoved. I was brought out of my reverie. The bells chimed. It was seven o'clock.

I stopped by a brightly lit window. I saw children beside a warm fire with their mother and father. I was free. I was away from this, but I realized I wanted to return and be free with my life as it was before. But I was free now. The street light blazed brightly.

I saw two children playing in the snow. Oh! to be young again! But I was free. And the snow fell. I saw my wife through an ice-crusted window. It was a figment, but I felt I could reach out and touch her. I could if I wanted to. But I was free!

DEATH

D. GAMEROFF

The ebony face holds two staring coals. A skullcap covers his head and cropped ears. From his venomous mouth flicks a slim tongue, forked in the middle. His nose is long and thin; his fingers, thin and bony. His appearance proclaims his partnership with Lucifer.

EVERYTHING RESTS IN THE SOUL

D. DYDZAK

I guess the first thing I should say about our relationship was that it turned out differently from most other adolescent love affairs. You see, Leslie Jarvis, my old boy-friend, lived with the painful knowledge that he had leukemia and could never be cured. Leslie had realized that he would eventually die; despite this, he took an optimistic view of life and never pitied himself.

My first encounter with him occurred in the fall of 1968. We were both in eighth grade and classes had just started two days before. In art class, while working on an assignment, I accidentally dropped a large can of coloured crayons. Everyone in the room laughed at my ineptness – that is, everyone, except Leslie, who helped me pick up the scattered objects.

It was actions like this first one that gradually made me like Leslie more and more. He impressed me because of his spirited and outgoing nature. In school, Leslie worked harder at his studies than anyone else. But the most wonderful quality about him was his openness and honesty. It was great his openness and honesty. It was great when Leslie and I used to talk freely for hours. We both, naturally, developed crushes for each other.

For a long time, I did not realize that Leslie was ill at all. It never occurred to me that Leslie did not participate with the other boys during sports' period or that he only ate certain foods. My naivety was probably due to my thirteen years and my lack of awareness of the many tragedies in life. Once, he said silently, "I have so little time to explore, to learn, and to accomplish very many things in this world." These words made no sense to me when he spoke them.

After the Christmas holidays, when school resumed, Leslie was absent. After a few days, I became disturbed and phoned him. Mrs. Jarvis answered the telephone.

"Hello, may I please speak to Leslie? It's Cindy Baker calling."

"He's in . . . in the hospital, Cindy, . . . undergoing some tests. Cindy, I'm afraid he could be there for quite some time. You could visit him although he's tired and weak. He's in room 202 at the Montreal Children's Hospital," she told me, with obvious sorrow.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jarvis. Thank you very much."

The next few days, I visited Leslie frequently. He was always in good spirits, but I could tell he was exhausted. The last time I saw him, Leslie appeared kinder than ever. He talked a lot about his friends, family, and school. His last words linger with me even now. "Cindy, you are more precious to me than you realize. Your wonderful devotion and friendship have inspired me and given strength to my body and soul." He kissed me afterwards.

Leslie died one day later. I remember going to his hospital room. The room was empty and neat except for a couple of orange peels resting on the night table beside his bed. They were from the orange I had given him the previous day. He had said that the orange gave him strength. Now, only the peels remained on the cold surface of the table.

DEATH

C. LAWRENCE

Like a silent breeze, it creeps up on life, stretching its decrepid arms out with no for whom or what it strikes. Like the silent breeze through the treetops, it leaves its effects behind it on the ground. The leaves pulled from heaven float with arrested progress like cancerous patients in their last lingering years. Sudden ferocity lifts a caterpillar from its leafy home to perish in the fall.

LE VAGABOND

P. MC CONNELL

Le vagabond marche
 Sac à la main
 Qui contient
 Des morceaux de fromages
 Et un peu de pain.
 C'est tout ce qu'il a pour satisfaire sa faim.
 Il voulait probablement voir le monde,
 Mais malheureusement, il a été pris
 Par la cruauté de la vie.
 Il voulait chercher sa fortune,
 Mais grâce à la chance,
 Il ressemble maintenant
 Un peu à un clown.
 Il marche tout seul le bord des routes,
 Et il n'a pas d'ami
 Car tout le monde l'évite
 Sa destination l'attend.
 Il est un peu comme le vent
 Car il continue à voyager
 Dans n'importe quelle direction.

OUVRIER

P. GOAD

Qu'est-ce qu'un ouvrier fait?
 Il prend un café,
 part la maison,
 arrive à l'usine,
 presse l'horloge enregistreuse
 travaille à la chaîne,
 prend un moment de répit,
 travaille à la chaîne,
 dejeune; un sandwich au jambon,
 travaille à la chaîne,
 prend un moment de répit,
 travaille à la chaîne,
 presse l'horloge enregistreuse,
 part de l'usine,
 arrive à la maison,
 prend une bière et une autre,
 dort.

Un jour est fini!
 Mais, qu'est-ce qu'un ouvrier fait?
 Il crève d'ennui.

L'HISTOIRE D'UN OUVRIER

M. WHITEHEAD

L'ouvrier Paul est un homme seul
 seul parmi mille autres hommes seuls.
 Paul fait bd

seul parmi mille autres hommes seuls.
 Paul fait de longue journées de travail
 pour un salaire minime
 ces longues heures de travail
 donnent souvent à Paul un tic convulsif.
 Et pour calmer ses nerfs
 il boit.

Après le travail, l'ouvrier Paul boit
 pour calmer ses nerfs,
 pour oublier sa vie troublée
 et pour oublier qu'il est seul
 seul parmi mille autres hommes seuls
 qui comme lui
 boivent pour oublier.
 On parle de riens.
 On fait des paris
 mais personne n'est content.

Le lendemain on se trouve
 avec le reste de l'alcool
 et notre ouvrier se sent mal
 parce qu'il n'a pas pu oublier
 qu'il est seul
 seul parmi mille autres hommes seuls.

LA TERRE

J. O'BRIEN

J'aime les abeilles qui font du miel
 Et j'aime les oiseaux qui volent dans le
 J'aime les vaches et les chevaux;
 Bien sûr j'aime tous les animaux.

J'aime beaucoup les Mexicains,
 Mais j'aime aussi les Italiens.
 J'aime mes soeurs et mes frères;
 Bien sûr j'aime toute la très grande terre

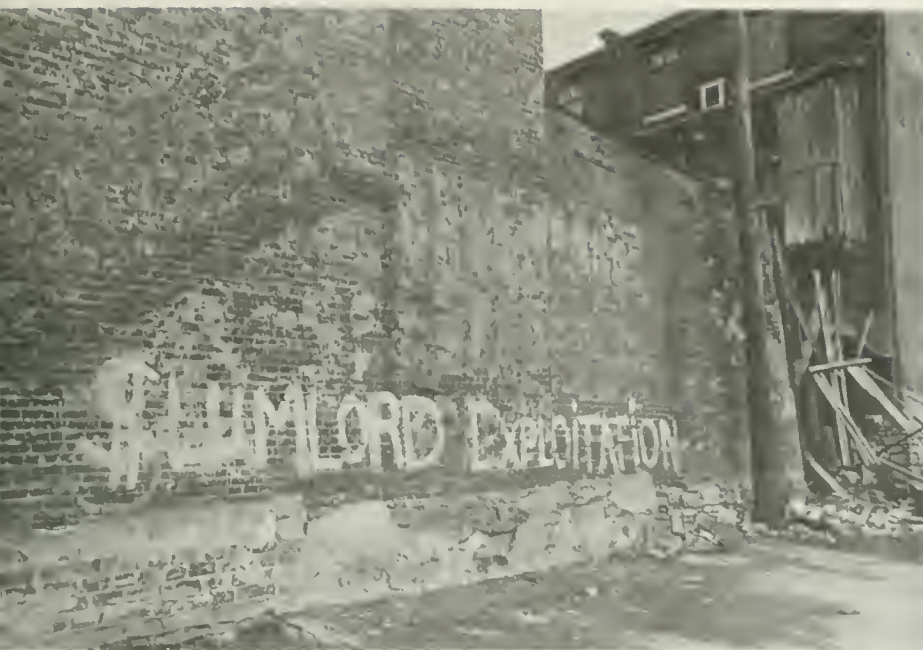


PHOTO: D. POLLAK

GARBAGE PILE

S. WATSON

Mountain ranges
of non-polluting garbage
spreading to the horizons,
a bio-degradable mess
upon which
a sparrow lies —
dying.

DIALOGUE

E. KAUFMAN

“Rabbi, when will mankind stop hating and killing?”
 “When mankind is destroyed.”
 “Will animals then run the world?”
 “Those who run the world are animals —
 worse than that, even.”

IS THE SUN BLIND?

J. FLEMMING

Is the sun blind?
 Light chews suburban stones
 until life lies in shadow.

Sun skips
 through gardens of garbage.

Is the sun blind?

WE COMPLAIN

S. BURNS

We complain
 when things are taken from us,
 when we can't do what we want,
 about people and their doings,
 the world and population.

And yet
 we are the world,
 we are the people,
 we are the complaint.

PHOTO: D. POLLAK



THEME POEM

J. FLEMMING

Verse is unique;
an expression of mindprints.

These lines link us
in a sexless kiss;
the words scalp us
and open our minds.

APPLE

J. FLEMMING

I hit the apple;
screaming,
it bit back.
With my teeth I carved it
I devoured the skin
sunk teeth to the core,
and spat out the dribbling seeds.
Finished, I dropped it
and splashed over it on the pavement.

Seeing, I am tempted;
conceived of anxiety,
born of fear,
I cower in Eve's breasts.
My heart turns
over;
I bite the apple;
satiated,
I wither and die.

SUBURB

J. FLEMMING

Black seashells in the murk and
darky waters; voiceless,
friendless,
I hide in them;
and in their small and stormless cells.
I am safe.

CLAY

J. FLEMMING

The ground sculpts me,
molding rock and dirt
to skin and bone.

In a cascading dive,
I fall.
Alive! Alive!

SAVIOUR

J. FLEMMING

Borne high by downcast eyes,
he spoke,
and I could only say,
"Oh Christ,
what fools these mortals be!"
And answered He,
"No more than thee."

LENDING LIBRARY

J. FLEMMING

I opened the book;
it caught me,
held me.
and swallowed me.
I woke between the pages,
wading through words,
I sample experience
and fell asleep to wake once more
in my own world.

THE GREAT CANADIAN POEM

J. FLEMMING

I turn to write the Great Canadian Poem,
and smash into sterility.
Crushed,
I cannot make of glass
a diamond.

NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME

J. FLEMMING

In a dream,
 I am a poet;
 didn't someone say that poets
 are divine?
 I write,
 and tumbling over pen and paper
 fall into wonderland.
 I close my eyes; imagination dances.

I am Lord of Hosts, and master of all men —
 but myself —
 and a Dionysian martyr,
 crucified,
 severed and bleeding.
 I am Father of the Gods,
 raping Europa with bull-like thrusts;
 Mary, the *Mater Deum*;
 I am Apollo, Thor, and
 Prometheus — the original atomic scientist;
 Napoleon, Victor Hugo, Madame Curie.

I am all of these
 when I write,
 but mostly,
 I am.

TOMORROW . . .

B. WOOD

Oh! How he hated the hypocrisy of his fellow executives. They called themselves Efficiency Experts. That was a laugh. They showed more promise in their inefficiency. At least, that was the only thing at which they appeared expert.

Sure, he did his work, but how it sickened him to see the others enter the office at ten-thirty, and then leave an hour and a half later for a three hour lunch. In his eyes they were scum and he hated to be associated with them.

He lay awake in his bed. Tomorrow he would quit. Then they'd be sorry. Tomorrow, he would finally go through with it and see the boss. "Mr. Kelly," he would say, "I've worked for you over a year now, and damn it, sir, I've tried to do a good job, but look at the others. If that's what it means to be an efficiency expert, then I just don't want to be one. It's been an honour working for you, sir; but, you see, I just have to leave. I'm sorry, but that's it."

The secretaries and office boys would crowd around him and ask why he had done it. "I believe in principles," he would tell them, "an ideal that demands that I leave this den." They would respect him, then, for his decision, and admire him for his principles.

All this passed through his mind as he lay awake in his bed. Tomorrow, he would do it. Sure, he would; tomorrow. . . .

SEMI-CASUAL

J. FLEMMING

Humanity is a gesture,
 unposed
 the trivial is real:
 Remember, poets!
 Adolf Eichman picked his nose;
 Remember, poets!
 Louis XV wore white wigs;
 Remember, poets!
 Remember the hand in Napoleon's coat.
 Was he satisfied with Europe,
 Or was it only a snack?
 Remember, poets!
 Adolf Hitler's moustache,
 Winston Churchill's top hat;
 Remember Chamberlain's umbrella.
 Remember, poets!
 Triviality is reality.

THE UNWILLING FOSSIL

J. FLEMMING

Silver clad,
 muted,
 bowed;
 tiny ice-coated fingers
 crack
 and my eyes frosted.

HEIRLOOM

B. WOOD

The old man lay on his bed. Downstairs, his daughter was talking to a new friend. "Did you know that my father is over a hundred years old? As far as I know, he's the oldest thing in the house, next to that silver tray." She pointed toward a locked, glass cabinet. "That tray is close to two hundred years old. The cabinet's about ninety. Both have been in the family for years. Anyway, back to my father, it's about time I brought him his lunch. Would you like to meet him?"

The two went up the stairs. "I brought you lunch."

The two went up the stairs. "I brought you your lunch." She felt a cool, summer breeze on the back of her neck. "Do you have that window open again? Do you really want to catch a cold?"

"No," he replied. "I just wanted a little fresh air."

"Well, you've had enough. Now, eat your lunch."

After they left, the daughter and her friend resumed their conversation. "Your father seems to be a nice man. Does he get out much?"

"Of course not. Don't you realize just how sick a man his age could get? We have to take care of him. I'm sure you saw that there were quite a few windows in his room. My husband had them installed specially. My father has a lovely view outdoors, and no chance of sickness. It was the least we could do for him."

The years passed. The old man died. His daughter had him cremated. His ashes were placed in a one hundred and twenty year old vase which was then given the place of honour beside the two hundred year old tray in the ninety year old china cabinet.

"Did you hear my father died?" the daughter would ask her friends. "He was over one hundred years old when he passed on. His ashes are kept over there with the family heirlooms." She pointed to the locked, glass cabinet.

MESSAGE OF THE DYING

M. PALAYEW

It was a hot, weary, August afternoon; people rushed to and fro in the emergency ward of the grey hospital. On the sixth floor, room 643W, the day cast its shadows on the visitors. There were six of them around the bed – two girls of about fifteen to sixteen; three boys, aged about twenty, twelve, and ten; and a lady in her late forties or early fifties.

A man of about fifty-five lay in the bed, his neck cocked to the left, his tight-lipped mouth red and swollen, his remaining grey hair swept over his stricken face. Any minute, the man would die. In his last moments, however, the "young" man would speak the most meaningful words of his life.

In his closing minutes, he beckoned his family to his bedside and recited these words, "I have been here many weeks now, knowing that I would soon die; now, the time has come. When I leave you, I suppose that each of you will weep and mourn my departure. Before I die, however, I should like to tell you one very important thing. I am dying now because the Lord wants me to. I have lived my time and served my purpose. He believes that I can do no more. For this reason, you should be happy that I died before the noose tightened around my neck and not when my life was choked because of its uselessness. I shall die on the steeple of the church overlooking the town and not in the cellar with the rats. I am happy, and hope that you will be, too." With these words, the tight-lipped mouth drooped open, and the glazed eyes stared into space. Around the still bed, the family wept over the dead man's message.

ANOTHER WORLD

M. PALAYEW

Twelve year old Hugh Congreve was in the forest when an amazing thing happened. He heard an ear-splitting, buzzing sound; and upon looking up, he saw what resembled a swarm of hornets hovering over the blurred treetops. The objects surrounded the boy whose ears were pounding with the annoying buzz. The boy felt his knees fold like a thin piece of paper; the last thing he remembered, was lying, chest facing the sky, and thinking of how the sky seemed filled with the infinite colours of smeared oil paints.

Hugh awoke to find small people surrounding him — each about one foot shorter than the five foot boy. Hugh thought of *Gulliver's Travels*, and of the Lilliputans who tied Gulliver to the ground. The young boy, however, was not tied down; therefore, he did not feel like a prisoner. Hugh thought how he would be a basketball star in this world. The people, to this point, had not said a word, or so Hugh believed. He, then, realized that the small people were moving their lips, but he could not hear them. He decided that they spoke at a different pitch, which, like a dog whistle, was inaudible to him. Then he realized that not only could he not hear them, but also that these mysterious people could not hear him. Hugh started running, with no goal but escape. The buzz returned, and died away quickly. Hugh Congreve woke in a hospital bed, his body swollen and red, covered with hornet bites.

DISABLED

L. LANDSBERGER

Glorious memories, old thrills, appear suddenly and a smile crosses my face. Autumn golf games and fierce winds trace a piquant expression on my face; I can feel the struggle against the elements which I relish. But that was a month ago and hope degenerates into despair as I know that others can play while I cannot. Autumn looks gloomy as I write this, with its cold grey sky. I realize golf is over for me this year. A fever for bicycling creeps into me, and I can feel the rush of wind in my face and the power in my legs, but the dream is too good and is shattered by a twinge of pain in both my limb and my spirit.

Healthy ones cannot appreciate what they have. I talk with them on the phone and hear them nonchalantly tell of their activities, and their words sting me. “. . . run . . . skate . . . football . . . speed . . . cycle . . . hockey . . .” Each one stikes deeper and harder. I am forced to listen and keep a cheerful face, for fear I shall lose even this precious human contact. Now I know how fortunate they are and that I never realized what I had in two good legs and that vigorous state of being. I long for movement, but it is hopeless, for I am stranded with a wounded knee.

Sport — I sleep, breathe, eat, live sport. The hockey season is ahead and is kindling hearts with joy, but I can only water the blaze of my craving until the time is ripe again. Each practice that I miss is an ever-deepening gash which opens, wasting my hope and strength.

Vigor is the soul of life, and for one suddenly deprived of it, deep regret and longing sets in, and corrodes and distorts beauty and happy thought. A terrible itch for movement emerges, but you are left with nothing, none of your former look-forward-to's, nothing but the pen and paper, an immobile leg, and loneliness.

THE CLOCK

P. OLIVER

The clock plays a death march. Like a sharp, swinging pendulum descending slowly on its victim, it moves with regular chimes into the future, bringing man's death closer. Each tick composes a stage of his decomposition as it carries him closer to the final knell. The clock, man's own creation, takes him toward his destruction.

M. LEVY

Enduring the rough bus ride home after a gruelling day at school, Paul sat huddled in his corner and eyed the other passenger. "There are close to four billion people in this world. How come, I happen to be sitting on a bus with these particular people? What made our paths cross?"

He stared dumbfoundedly and wondered if he would ever see these strangers again in his life. Everyone seemed to have an aura of mystery hanging about him; yet, each individual seemed insignificant. What could he do to raise himself from oblivion? He had it! He would attract the day-dreamers' attention and raise their curiosity. Abruptly, he turned in his seat and faced the window. Pretending to be oblivious of all about him, Paul carefully etched out a few lines on the fogged window. He paused a moment to allow his sudden movement to take effect, then quickly filled in the last few lines. The grin on his face was suddenly replaced by a horrible feeling.

Perhaps, this word would not add to his aura at all. In fact, for a moment, it seemed to him that this word had destroyed his aura. He had given away a part of himself. Paul turned around, cautiously eying the other people. Prepared to meet their confused gazes, or mocking glances, he discovered that nobody had even noticed him.

PROUD

M. OGILVY

As arrogant as a gravestone stood a white ironing board. Encircling it were old chairs, proud of nothing. Enormous maples enclosed the antiques. There was a bitter lemon smell in the air. It was the country. On the ironing board were diminutive marks not unlike those on a gravestone. It stood, toward the blinding sun, as if it were proud of something. Conceited and arrogant as it was, it exploded into a burst of gait. It was its unblemished colour of which it was proud.

THE OLD MAN

A. PATCH

One day last summer as I sat on a park bench, my eyes fell upon a frail, old man who was resting near a large oak. I looked at his wizened legs and his once full chest, but it was his face that finally held my eyes. . . .

His mouth was sealed shut and his lips curled inward. He seemed determined to accomplish his goals. The creases at the corners of his mouth were the results of thousands of grins from happier days. Just above his mouth, a full, expertly twirled moustache grew — a remnant of his youthful military life. Over this moustache hung a nose corrugated by wrinkles. His ears were barely distinguishable through his thin, long grey hair which fell in a lop over his forehead. His forehead supported more deep furrows from his middle age worry, anxiety and fear. Below, two eyes peered from behind thick spectacles. The eyes were slightly squinted — maybe as a result of fear or agony. They were a history book; a faint glimmer of happiness, sunken into the Depression of his skull. They were bloodshot for sleeping in today's world is difficult.

I took a long look at the old man and left, but he did not leave me for I thought about his life and problems. I realized that my lot was much easier.

CALENDAR

A. DALGLISH

A year
 of soft memories,
 painful hardship,
 wisdom and folly,
 happiness,
 divided into names and numbers –
 the logic of the ages.

GEOGRAPHY

A. DALGLISH

A map of the world
 Europe, Asia, and Africa
 These are only topography.

I want to see people!
 A pigmy, an Arab, or anybody!

I want to talk with them
 be friends with them.



INK DRAWING: I. BRYDON

SCARECROW

D. MACFARLANE

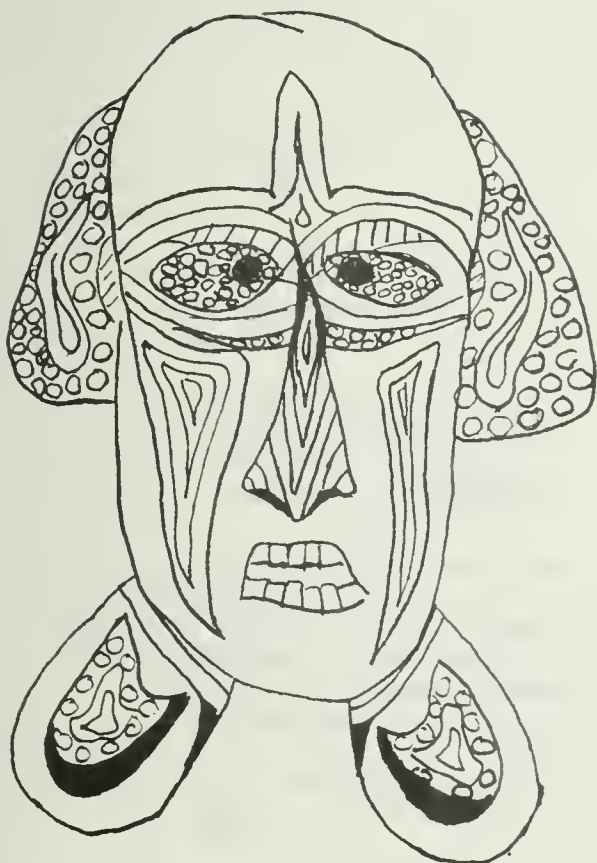
Mr. Scarecrow
 crucified on a wooden cross
 hangs limply in the centre
 of black furrows.

Thundering sky,
 black with the weight of silver
 drops,
 prepares to pounce on the
 wretched figure.

The smile on his face is worn
 his gloved stumps fail to banish
 the descending black birds that
 nibble his green children.

Beneath the potato sacking
 the melancholy face stares forward,
 glazed in fixation.

His clothing and spirit are
 humble, yet yielding to none.



INK DRAWING: J. HALLWARD

TRAIN YARD

R. SMALL

Grizzled hobo
 lurks in shadows
 peers around box-car —
 nnybody there?
 no
 safe so far
 run
 stumble
 CRUNCH
 curse quietly
 a light. goddammit
 commanding voices
 coming closer
 look under a hopper
 booted feet near
 crawl out where now?
 light shines nearby
 get away . get away
 scoop up gravel
 throw
 CLATTER
 footsteps pursue
 deception works
 gasp
 try box-car doors
 locked locked locked
 damn
 open
 sigh
 climb in
 trip
 fall
 who?
 companion
 hi.

DRUNKARDS

D. DYDZAK

Drunkards,
 slimy snakes
 crawling to dirty taverns,
 your spotty characters
 and poisonous breaths
 hiss,
 rattle mischievous things
 hanging unsteadily
 by the ends
 of branches
 on barren trees

THE PARTY

D. DYDZAK

A stem of light
 glittered through
 revolving crystal chandeliers —
 a rainbow waltz,
 and blinking coloured specks
 twirled like a lighted ferris wheel

Time soon clouded
 the sparkle
 the smiles, the kisses, the laughter,
 the music, the dancing
 abruptly retreated
 as the faint rays
 slumbered in the blurred creases
 of the wooden floor
 and i left dizzy heights
 to replant my feet.

TRAGEDIES OF LIFE

D. DYDZAK

Ink blots
 continually blemish pages;
 the fatigued hand stumbles
 strangles faint, delicate letters;
 a metaphase smudging the memory

LONELINESS

D. DYDZAK

rusty nails of sorrow
 driven in isolated souls
 trapped
 between two heavy planks of wood
 there to remain
 until finally
 the wood decays with time
 to set the captives free



SUBWAY

D. DYDZAK

I walk into the subway
past rigid-faced plastic dolls
mechanically marched
into tight cardboard boxes
each labelled for a specific destination
the lids sealed,
the stringed crates move off
as the insane crowd pushes,
shoves to escape them
through the mob
slowly,

 walks a blind man
who, sensitive to programmed motion,
drifts solemnly along.

The dolls often bump him,
"I'm sorry," they say,
"I'm in kind of a hurry."
"It's alright; I understand," he replies
but he doesn't
know

 why they always rush
for he is the only one
who takes his time.

DEFEAT

D. DYDZAK

A web of humiliation
tangles in anguished thought
sheds watery despair

chewing gum

 once sweet, pink, juicy
 now bitter, grey, bland

spat

 onto the wet pavement — stepped on

BIRTHDAY PRESENT (for Irving Layton)

D. DYDZAK

My friend,
don't worry about getting
me a birthday present
(although you can afford it)
after all
it's the thought
that counts
(I'm sure you will agree)
but don't expect one from me.

EXAMINATION

D. DYDZAK

blank silence penetrates noisy minds —
 a sledgehammer
 dulling thought

clang!

 tense iron faces stare at blurred words
that corrode hope

 and leave molten brains

smoldering
rusty ideas

 dissolve in acid memories.

time

 smelts away . . . seconds become minute
 minutes become hours .

the welcome end

CANDLE

L. LANDSBERGER

It comforts with its soft light and love. It soothes. Mother candle welcomes the lonely, the forlorn, the frustrated. Her light relieves all tension, and relaxes, refreshes, battered spirits. Like the mother, drawing her crying baby to her breast, the candle's lambent flame, in the darkness, draws the frightened from the uncertainty of the shadows. One looks directly into the glareless flame and is warmed by its love — the light from Mother Earth's candle. All life springs from the woman, while the candle gives to the spirit, the flame in the darkness.



PHOTO: E. STEEVES

BOUGIE

J. RIO

Bougie, bougie,
éclaire tout,
bougie, source de vie,
éclaire-nous.

Bougie, petit soleil,
élève ta flamme vermeille,
écarte les ténèbres de mon chemin,
Bougie, bougie, éclaire-moi jusqu'à demain.

THE CANDLE

S. SCOTT

The gnarled, wrinkled man stood, wavering uncertainly over the table. His sunken eyes rested momentarily on a burning stub whereupon they shifted to stare into space. His mind was elsewhere and a strained smile spread across his face. As the wick shrank, the smile gradually faded away. The candle soon sputtered and flickered. The man collapsed upon the floor; his lips were purple, grotesque against a white face. The candle died.

RÉPONSE

P. GOAD

Qui, quand, quoi, quelle, où,
est-ce que, pourquoi, que,
qu'est-ce que, que!

Qui a la bonne réponse?

Moi?

La Bible?

Toi?

Bouddha?

Jean Snorte?

Trudeau?

Je ne sais pas!

Mais celui qui a les bonnes réponses,

Ne les a pas données.

MUSIC

A. DALGLISH

A tender thrill
vibrates
caressing my body
and lighting a fire
in the blackness.

ESCAPE

P. WATERHOUSE

The roof shingles waved good-bye.

The air filled with sorrow.

The paint peeled.

The floors warped.

The faucets dripped.

"Why did they leave us?"

"We were all so happy."

"They had to escape,"

The front door said.

THE TORCH

G. INY

There was a cottage in a forest. In it
shone a torch. For many centuries it burned
each year glowing a little brighter and illum-
inating more of the walls.

One day, a tired and hungry prophet
chanced upon the house. Through the windows,
he saw the flame and so opened the door and en-
tered. The light gave him the rest and comfort
he needed. When the morning came, the prophet
put everything in order. "This house has been
good to me," he said as he walked out.

The next winter a squirrel clambered down
the chimney. He made his home in the fire-
place. The light gave him the warmth and pro-
tection he needed. In spring, the squirrel left,
fat and content because the house had been
good to him.

Many years passed. Finally, Cain, the
cursed one, found the cottage. The light gave
him the security and companionship he needed,
for life in the wilderness was very hard on a
man. "I will extinguish this fire," he said the
next morning. "for then this light will not at-
tract travellers and truly this house will be
mine." Cain put out the torch and continued
his endless journey.

Weeds crept up between the chinks in the
wall and up to the door. The light no longer
shone to keep out intruders. Soon vines had
scaled the walls, crumbled the mortar, and hid
the eaves. In a few years, the cottage had dis-
appeared and the House of Peace was no longer
seen.

U-BOAT

C. ZARIFI

Wolf at sea,
low and sleek;
merchant sailor
twists in sleep.

Who knows where
the wolf will eat?



THE WITCH

D. STEVENS

She flew on a broom
 With a zoom, zoom, zoom!
 With a pointed hat
 Now, what do you think of that?
 With a big, black cat
 Sitting on her broom
 She went weaving spells
 With a boom, boom, boom!
 She flew to the moon
 And she said, "I'll see you soon
 To weave a bunch of spells."
 And oh my goodness tells
 With a bunch of spells
 What will the world do?
 I'll leave that to you.

JUST BEING

A. ROSSY

He is working;
 No, he's dreaming!
 No, he's sleeping!
 I guess he's just being.

PHOTO: E. STEEVES



L'EXPERIENCE

P. BAILLARGEON

Regardez l'électricien;
 Il a beaucoup d'expérience.
 L'électricien met ces doigts dans la prise de courant.
 Maintenant, regardez-le;
 Il n'a plus d'expérience,
 Et plus de cheveux.

THE INTRUDER

M. MAINWARING

The intruder crept slowly up the alley, stopped, and crept just as slowly back to his starting position. Resting for only a moment, he raced back up the alley, passing swiftly but silently through the gate at the end. The coast was clear. He moved slowly toward the maze in front of him. All was still quiet. He touched the wall and flashing lights and a cacaphony of noise greeted him. The intruder raced toward another gate, only to discover more lights and bells. He was struck by something and he sped back through the maze, trying to escape the noise and light. He finally did so as he had done so many times before.

His ordeal completed, the intruder waited for someone to put another dime into the pinball machine.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

T. LENNOX

The Duke of Wellington's brown eyes are transfixed by something in another world. His mouth, thin as wire, looks faintly surprised – almost as if he were insulted. His face stands boldly – a withered face, lined by worries, yet not mean in any way. His head rests on broad shoulders like those of a football player. His strong, muscular arms hang ready by his side; and his chest, large and outstanding, is covered by a magnificent, blood-red jacket dotted with crests and medals. A sash hides his beautiful gold buttons. Around his neck, he wears a white scarf, tucked into his jacket. Around his neck, above the scarf, hang two medals, one of which is the Victoria Cross. He is truly a handsome man.

THE AVIATOR

F. SINGER

Against the background of war stands the proud aviator. His impassive expression reflects his taciturn and steadfast character. His battered hat, set jauntily upon his head, indicates his style while the brim shades his deep-set and piercing eyes. His apparent weariness diminishes the illusion of command. The lines emanating from his beaked nose emphasize his premature aging. The way his moustache tapers gives him a ludicrous air. But it is in the matted hair and shabby coat that one counts the endless missions without sleep that Carl Shaefer, flight lieutenant, flew in the war.

MICKEY

P. WEBSTER

“He had a good life,” I tell myself. “He had fun in all of his years, but now it’s over. I know there will never be another exciting and beautiful collie like Mickey. I suppose his later years were extremely sad, as he started to lose his sight, but it seemed pleasant all the way. I don’t remember him being terribly sad – a cheerful dog he was. I had known him all my life since we got him a month before I was born. It is quite a difference not having him to cheer me up when I am sad or sharing his happiness with me, but I know that what I tell myself is true.”

CHARGING

N. ROSE

Charging foreward,
 the metal bars
 slam into the puzzle
 and sparks shower
 over the flowers.

ANTICIPATION

N. ROSE

Drinks
 are
 poured

Dinner
 is
 served

People
 are
 drunk

The
 world
 spins

ROTATION

N. ROSE

Spinning slowly

Then
 faster –

a kaleidoscope,
 a blur,
 a crash –

Then
 nothing.

A FLAME

N. ROSE

The heat
 licks upward
 and destroys,
 with evil,
 orange beauty.

WRITING

N. ROSE

Ink spreads
 and flows
 evenly

 over
 rough
 foolscap.

SNOWFLAKE

N. ROSE

Floating daintily,
 the white design
 comes to rest
 on a slab
 of inhuman
 stone.

TO BE

N. ROSE

I am
 and
 will be.

But
 tomorrow . . .
 I may not be.

Yesterday,
 I was.

 I am . . .

TIME

N. ROSE

Pink, soft and white
 change to
 grey, hard and wrinkled.

THE DROP

N. ROSE

The glassy drop
 falls
 then
 splashes
 and shatters
 on the surface –
 cold, hard concrete.

SLEEP

N. ROSE

The heaviness
 settles
 quickly.

The snowflake
 settles
 heavily
 on
 the rose petal.

LETTERS

N. ROSE

Letters form statues,
 a cosmos of rigidity.
 Like drops of water,
 they fall onto a china plate
 and form a puddle of words
 by holding hands.

A TREE

N. ROSE

Grey branches
 jutting
 upwards
 to meet a charred sky.

Wrinkles,
 black with time
 displace
 the grey expanse.

A dead leaf,
 brittle,
 hangs precariously
 over concrete.

CIVILISATION

N. ROSE

Je regarde le ciel
 mais je vois rien.
 Qu'est-ce qui se passe?
 Je pense que les gratte-ciels
 ont gratté tout le bleu
 et maintenant le ciel est noir.



PHOTO: D. POLLAK



L'INCERTITUDE

N. ROSE

Je sois
 vers
 un monde
 qui
 se font
 de moi . . .

J'ai peur
 mais
 je peux
 survivre
 si je pense

Je vais vivre
 dans un monde . . .
 dans un verre
 stérile
 sans émotion

Mais . . .
 je suis moi
 c'est tout
 ce qu'on
 peut
 vouloir.

AMERICAN GOTHIC

P. FRYKHOLM

The old couple stared dolefully at him. He had recently killed their only son. Her oval head was completely wrinkle free and resembled an egg. Under his scarcely visible eyebrows showed a pair of sad blue eyes, between which a flat nose appeared. She wore a white blouse of which only the collar was seen since it was covered by a black sweater. On top of this, she wore a dark blue dress with tiny white dots and circles. The man had a bald head, equally wrinkle free, but he wore a pair of perfectly round metal glasses which covered his brown, glassy eyes and part of his thick eyebrows. The ears stuck out like a pair of megaphones, very much unlike his mouth, which was just a thin line. A black suit and a dirty white work shirt covered his short body. His muscular hand grasped a sharp pitchfork as though he were about to use it.

AMERICAN GOTHIC

F. SINGER

The image projected is that of an austere and persevering couple. They ask no favours and give none. There are no options — only work, food and sleep. Their toil is never ending. Life is black and white. Loyal to their church and community, they worship the Lord faithfully. They renounce all emotions. The vertical, white boards and the gothic windows are in harmony with their long, lean faces. The man's doleful, bespectacled eyes appear as a one way mirror in contrast to the woman's eyes which are more refined and searching. Everything in their relationship is a circle within a circle.

AMERICAN GOTHIC

K. BURNS

The hard-working farmer and his wife are the backbone of American life. These long-suffering citizens live close to nature and its whims. They must endure the bad dust storms, drought, and floods along with the good. The hard years have left their marks on their faces.

They are solid people; as solid as their farmhouse behind them and as tough as the land and its rolling hills. They lead a strict life and their Puritan clothes reflect their ancestry. They hold the symbol of their place in life — the pitchfork.

WOMAN

L. CEFIS

Woman I once loved, where are you? You were as bright as the night, pure for sure, and had the body of a goddess. You danced slowly — softly moving your hips from side to side. Watching you, I forgot my problems. Your hair was silky black; your lips, cherry red; and your eyes, ocean green. The first time I saw you, you wore a flashy black and pink dress, and a coat of many colours. Your lovely face and smooth skin excited me. Woman I once loved, why have you left me?

THE OLD LADY

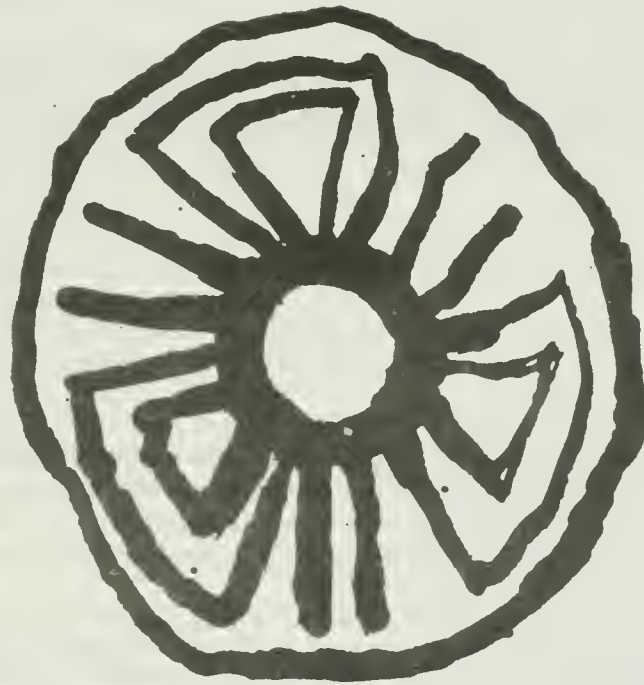
P. OLIVER.

Walking as quickly as possible along the sidewalk, the old lady tries to look younger by standing straight. Her hair is dyed black, but grey moves up each root. Excessive rouge covers her wrinkled face, but it does not add beauty. Her lips are covered with gaudy orange smudged over the surrounding skin. Her jewelry, large and flamboyant, hangs around her loose neck and adorns her flat chest. A short yellow dress and high-heeled shoes complete her ostentatious effort. But as her grand daughter runs to meet her, a smile lights up her face, covering all her falseness and lending her an air of dignity.

JEWEL ROBBERY

R. SMALL

Diamonds gleamed on the branches. The tree swayed gently and the emeralds and sapphires swung tantalizingly. Rubies sparkled in the setting sun. Suddenly, a loud roar raced through the forest, and a startled deer brushed against the branches. The jewels were gone.



INK DRAWING: J. RIO

THE PRISM

A. DALGLISH

Sparkling colours bite eyes. Sunlight is imprisoned in a glass cell. The angry captive spits rainbow colours, flames of light. Hanging by a string, the prism lives, its light dimming all else save the sun.

CALCULATE

M. LEVY

You are just a plain rectangular box and are harmless enough. Still, you are full of mysteries that I cannot understand. Tell me your secret. How do you do "it" so fast and so flawlessly? You were designed by man, yet you are better than man. Why? What can I do to have a chance against you? You revolt me, and still your intelligence and functional superiority lure me into your trap. You are there – quiet and modest, and yet, as soon as I am caught and ask you a question, you quickly show me how dumb and slow I am. "What is the square root of . . . ? Oh! Thank you." I can cover you up, but you don't go away. I can unplug you and you still work. Yet, I am the victor because I can turn you off. Why does your potential scare me.

P. HARTWIG

"Tomorrow is another day," but this does not mean that it is going to be better, or that today's problems are not going to be tomorrow's problems, or that more problems are not going to occur.

I have to write an essay, but the ideas pass too quickly for my mind to capture. I look at the newspaper; everyday routine makes it impossible for me to write anything at all. I smoke a cigarette to ease my nerves, but my ideas go up in smoke. My mind wanders into fantasies; ideas float but do not crystallize. I switch on the television; there is a good movie showing. I decide to watch it for half an hour.

Two hours pass before I go back to my work. Time, unaware of my problem, keeps moving. My mind is still empty. I must be going through a dry period — even the most famous artists have them. But tomorrow will be another day; I shall probably have an idea then.

EXPERIENCE

R. MARIE

Dear Sir:

I find it tremendously difficult to write essays. You kindly suggested that I should write from personal experiences. With apparent cynicism, I pointed out that, at my age, I do not have enough of the so-called experiences from which to choose for essay topics. Reiterating your suggestion, you added that I should have accumulated about one-fourth of the total experience of my life. My search for these "experiences" began.

It is not difficult to discover events that are worthy of being called "experiences." "Surely, at some time or another, you must have been in a fight where someone really belted you in the nose. You must have felt it!" Yes, indeed I did! It is like . . . I find myself searching for the correct words and images. How is it possible to describe the anger, the fright and hatred that simultaneously instigate retaliation? Can they be united in a single, tangible, pervasive image? No, the pencil drops from a numb hand — images lie soggily in a pond of fertility. Ironical, indeed, the necessary descriptions remain locked behind bars.

In search of a way to overcome this handicap, I advance to the symbol and analogy. Education is a seed; society, an ocean; religion, a . . . Why do I have to write at all? The answer is self-evident — for marks and a "copy, please." I do not really believe in the morals and themes I present to my reader. I write for you instead of myself! This is my problem.

You see, sir, I truly feel that by making students write essays about "experiences" you are destroying a basic law of existence — the beauty of life lies in the fact that it, a gentle stream, can flow unnoticed. Why should I dive into something that I should rather leave untouched? Why should I become an adult yearning for something called "youth;" a time when innocence and naivety leave the word "life" meaningless? In writing assignments, the student discovers many evils and catches in this world. Let human beings live and not analyze. Let . . .

I do not know whether I should thank you for the ultimate awareness,

Your dedicated student,

P.S. Let's go back to writing about "the house
that Jack built." It was more fun and
less painful!

With a sigh, the boy lay down his pen on his desk and slouched into his chair. He feared maturity; he feared the "experience" that all boys encounter as the cycle of life tramples a cruel path to conformity.

THE IMAGINATION

R. SMALL

The teacher shook the paper in his right hand. "Why can't you be more original? At the moment, it seems to me that you have no imagination; nothing inspires you!" The student was silently thinking.

Yes, inspiration, that was it. He was a world famous scientist poring over his great array of chemistry apparatus. Slowly, he emptied a flask's green contents into a chamber. He pulled the small switch, and there was a hissing sound as gas flowed into the chamber to combine with the green liquid. Suddenly, the liquid began to disappear. "Yes," he cried, "I've done it!"

" . . . just try," the teacher said, "to fire your thoughts."

As he watched, the forest grew cherry-red, burning uncontrollably. He pushed down hard on the control stick and the jet fighter fell into a steep dive. Levelling off, he skimmed over the burning trees. An armoured car suddenly appeared out of the fire, and it had an evil red star on its side. He checked his instruments, pressed a button, and the ground detonated below him, scattering flaming debris in all directions.

"Bang!" The teacher slammed his fist down on the desk. "Can't you listen? Aren't you interested in developing your consciousness? You must learn to express yourself, and once you can, you'll be King – master of your mind!"

"King. . . . Announcing His Most Gracious Majesty, Seymour the Twenty-third. . . ." As he entered the hall, cheers echoed around its vast interior. He held up a hand, and the crowds fell silent.

Well, no matter what anyone said, he was a king. Despite what his teacher advised, he knew he was right. He was Lord of his land – king of his kingdom – King of the IMAGINATION.

BOOKS

P. OLIVER

Like the bodies of their authors, the covers rot and leave their souls behind. Carefully conceived ideas, written for posterity, spoil like unconsumed milk. Man-written thoughts are only briefly useful and then they, too, are buried beneath thick covers. Set among fellow sufferers, they lie between others' wasted souls enclosing wasted pages.

PRINTED INTO TIME

R. ORVIC

The morning sun crept through the dirt-plated, workshop window. It fell upon the back of Ricky's platinum hair and warmed his ears. He sat transfixed; his body motionless except for the gyrating eyeballs, ready to explode from his head. The old man moved through the gentle mist of forgetfulness. His powerful back was bent forward at a crazy angle as if to accentuate the white hair on the head which crowned it. His scarred hands quivered as they reached through the mist for a tool. He shuffled to his table, taking care to bring the jar of nails.

The wonder was to begin; his yellowed eyes squinted and sank deeper into their blue pouches as he struggled to focus clearly on the table surface. Ricky drew his breath with the slightest vibration; the hammer rose. The old man strained; the tendons in his wrists extended; sweat broke out between the wrinkles on his forehead; his breath came unevenly. The hammer rose and fell. His heart pounded lifting the fabric of his overalls. Hours passed in minutes and the air held its breath in anticipation. The old man's ear drums pulsed creating no currents. The motion of the hands ceased; they lay side by side. His chair scraped away from the table; his stiffened legs straightened. Ricky licked his lips in anticipation. The old man came toward him. It slipped into his outstretched hands and his heart leaped; it was complete.

VILLAGE POET

R. ORVIC

Leonard often sat upon Shepherd's Hill and gazed over the little town and its surroundings. If there was a place for a self-acclaimed poet, this was it; Leonard had decided this the moment he arrived. Its gentle hills and green woods were the stereotyped setting of which every amateur dreams.

The people of the town took little notice of Leonard. He would often wander through the village, but he was not an attraction. His straight, black hair, a little long for the country folk, was tidy, and he was clean. Leonard tended to ignore the people as much as they ignored him. There were just two people he liked — the first, the town drunkard, who unfortunately spent most of his time in jail; and the second, a small boy named Roger, a sickly child who was kept indoors most of the time.

Leonard really preferred the forests and hills to the town and its inhabitants. He found enough food in the woods — only berries, he wouldn't dream of eating an animal. Leonard had long ago convinced himself that he had no surname, and he would answer to only, "Leonard" when he was addressed. But his main problem was his poetry. He had no pen or even paper, so every verse had to be memorized. He would sit for hours with his lips moving, reciting a poem over and over.

The turning point in Leonard's life came in early fall. He had been in and around the town for nearly two years and he felt he was ready to deliver his message to the townsfolk. This was the driving force in Leonard's life and he would practise his speech for hours. Leonard consulted his two friends about his plans and they approved. All that was left was to make the village elders agree.

On the planned day, Leonard walked into the village and then to the square. He began to address the bystanders. As Leonard poured out his message, they stood and listened for a moment before they turned and left.

Leonard fled to the woods where he lay for many days in despair. In the future, Leonard would try repeatedly in other towns but he always met with the same failure to communicate.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

S. CHIPMAN

It was midnight and James lay on the porch, weeping. He looked up; and through the blur, he could see only the reflection of the street lights in the picture window. He was shut off from his past. The neighbours must have thought that he was drunk because they knew he went out nights. They probably did not care anyway. The snow crunched behind him and the children's cries touched his ears.

"Let's go to the park! Hurry!" The voices left. Someone had stolen his metal toboggan. He heard the awful screech it made as it was dragged along the sidewalk. His spine tingled.

His mother's face appeared in one of the blurred sources of light. She smiled as she held the hand of a man who James had never seen. James smiled back as his tears continued to form. He heard his father yell. He was frightened for a moment, but then realized that his mother was the recipient of his father's curses. His mother disappeared, but a smell of perfume remained. His father smiled and so did the lady he was with. James smiled back, but the tears still rolled down his cheeks. . . .

His mother yelled through his room door, "Hurry up, James, or you will be late for school."

"I'm coming," he mumbled, as a smile parted his lips. "At least I am not waking up at Clongowes," he thought. "Let's move it, kid."

THE SEEKER

G. INY

The butterfly flits and darts from flower to flower, looking for nectar. Every blossom is a potential giver. He picks the largest and most beautiful ones, only to find that they are hollow like tinsel baubles

Pity the butterfly. In his mad obsession with material gratification, he has forgotten all the essentials. He is no bee. The ambrosia of eternal life will elude him evermore.

EXECUTION

R. ORVIG

The little butterfly glided on the peaceful afternoon breeze and stopped a few feet from Mary's head. Her sleepy eyes slowly focused on his orange and black wings. She reached out gently and he alighted on her finger. She sat up, and pulling her finger near, gazed at his frail body.

After a few moments of examination, she shifted the butterfly to her left hand and said, quietly, "I shall name you Fred; we shall be the best of friends." With that, she waved her hand aloft and stood up. As Fred glided slowly over to the pasture, Mary chased joyfully after him.

Soon Mary's legs began to tire so she collapsed in the grass. Fred landed gently on her arm and flapped his wings in recognition. "It's starting to get dark, Fred," Mary said, "let's run a little more before I have to go." In a single, graceful motion, Fred gained the air. Mary jumped to her feet and began to run as fast as before. Fred brushed by her face again and again as Mary laughed out loud. She soon stopped and stood motionless, enchanted by Fred's grace.

The sun had almost faded away by the time Mary started home. With Fred on her hair, she silently trod the needle-covered forest path. In the distance, sounds of family life gathered. Rounding a corner, they came to a stone house ablaze with light and sound. Mary carefully removed Fred from her hair and stood looking at him. She gently placed him on a nearby log and stepped back. "I must go now; goodbye," she said; and in one deft motion, brought her open palm down on him.

PHOTO: R. SCHUELA



JUST PLAIN TALK

B. WOOD

Walter Frnzier was finally going home. Fifty years ago, when he was seventeen, he left his home town of Gondorf, Ontario, to look for work in Toronto. Now, he was retired and had decided to spend the rest of his life in the place he loved most, with the people he loved most -- the citizens of Gondorf. They were the nicest people in the world. They were just ordinary, plain, uncomplicated folk. They were "God's people," Walter would explain to his city friends as he reminisced of his childhood. He felt sure that they could not have changed over the past fifty years.

He remembered Sam Taggart. Sam made the best sodas and malts, Walter had ever tasted, and every time on Friday afternoon, he would give Walter free gumdrops. Little did Walter know that seventeen years after he had left Gondorf, Sam Taggart had murdered his wife in a fit of rage. He had been tried and convicted within a month and was paroled three years later.

Then, there was Jim Kuton, the mayor's son. His father was the richest and most powerful man in town, but Jim was just an ordinary boy. He was just swell. His father was a fine gentleman, "a man to be admired," Walter's father used to say. Jim was later accused of arson and armed robbery, but the charges were suddenly and inexplicably dropped. Under his father's guidance, Jim became the youngest city manager in Gondorf history.

Now Walter was going home. He was leaving behind, the dirt and ugliness of the city. He was going back to live among the plain, ordinary people of his childhood and of our society.

BUSHBABY

A. DALGLISH

Creature of the night are you, bushbaby. The virtue of eternal innocence has been granted to you. Your child's eyes are not aware of evil -- the corrupting power. Slender fingers and lightning speed, yet you are capable only of the gentlest movements. Unknowing, you are the opposite of man, man whose mind made him betray nature, his parents, and who will now destroy them. You are alone, bushbaby, a helpless child of nature.

IN SOME OTHER DREAM

A. HYDER

Here I am. Why? Who am I and what am I doing? I think -- I think I am on a train. Headed where, I know not. Yes, definitely, a train. Why do I have nothing with me? Am I dreaming or am I crazy? No, I am not dreaming; I remember falling asleep and then waking up here, totally oblivious to my surroundings.

The train is slowing; I wonder if I shall find the answers to my many questions which the people in the coach seem incapable of answering. My eyes travel around the ancient car as the station approaches -- the name which I hoped would help me does nothing but increase my amazement for it is in a foreign language. The train stops; soldiers board. They walk down the aisle, babbling something I do not understand. From nowhere, people produce papers. I have none. Much to my amazement, they ignore me and even when I ask questions they do not answer. I plant myself in front of one of the soldiers, determined to obtain an answer this time. I stare at his face and see it is familiar. I try to recognize him, but the face remains anonymous. The area spins before my eyes, and I wake up staring into the face of the new butler "I have seen you before," I say, "in some other dream "

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

R. SCHOUELA

The old man eased back in his chair by the window, with a comfortable sigh. He was retired and, here, he worked once a week at the Sunday school. With an expression of calm satisfaction, he looked at the children playing in the yard during their recess.

Mr. Johnson was not like the other teachers. Beside being older, he was more placid and quiet in his manner. In class, he spoke with understanding at the level of the children without forcing anything on them. The rest of the teachers were more tightly strung and their classes were more like soul-raising sermons, damning hell and praising heaven; this scared some children more than anything else. They looked upon Mr. Johnson from a distance because of his difference.

The door swung open and Mrs. Fincher entered. Mr. Johnson looked over at her and she said, "The children were asking why you're so different from the other teachers. You're starting to influence them."

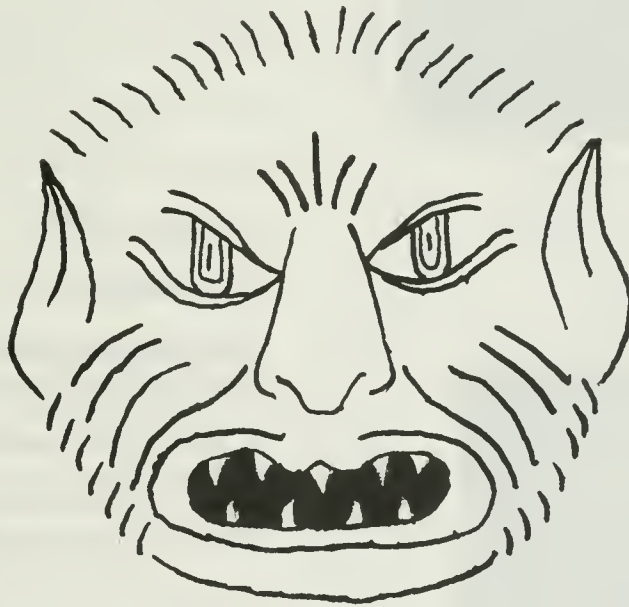
"Why, because I don't preach about heaven and hell?"

"It isn't enough to teach them about peace and love. They have to be given a glorious goal — or a punishment."

Mr. Johnson stood up. "Every moment, you can see it; you're making sure your flight to heaven is planned."

"And you are exempt from this worry?"

"I stopped worrying a long time ago — because one day I asked the devil a question, and he answered me, directly or in my dreams. He said, look around you; look at the wars, famines, murders, and racism — you'll find more hell up there than there is down here."



INK DRAWING: O. MERSEREAU

APOCALYPSE

R. SMALL

He watched numbly as the mansions crumbled and fell. The land dissolved slowly, and he felt trapped. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as the world disintegrated. Finally, the snowman himself succumbed to the Devil's oppressive glare.



PHOTO: D. POLLAK

WORDS

M. GABRIEL

Spoken, words are meaningless
but communicated . . .



POME

M. GABRIEL

I made it

I'm a priest at last
 he exclaimed
(careful not to wrinkle his collar)

Hands clasped together behind
he strolled through the parish grounds

But he longed to be a cardinal

ROUTE TWO-O-ONE

M. GABRIEL

Treadmilling an endless sidewalk
With Bass
The slithery, black - rubber highway
stretches
funnellng into the horizon

I pity my shoes and Bass too
(they won't last as long).

OLD MONTREAL

M. GABRIEL

Standing outside your relics
after a musky grey rain

I feel the cold of buildings
that used to give off warmth

I feel the sickness and malaria-moisture
that is a dome –
a barrier over / around you

You're as dull as a country town
dead as a compost heap

You probably even served no purpose
probably never will.

JEALOUSY SPITS

F. BAKER

"Jealousy spits
hate," snickers Hate.

"Who cares?"
whispers Love
and quietly
returns to her cave.

I AM FOLLOWED

F. BAKER

I am followed
by two shadows:
one is myself;
the other,
a smirking fool.

"Which one am I?"

RED SNOW

F. BAKER

Trampling upon red snow,
I saw a velvet blood bath
Limbs and bones protrude rudely
and pain iced the wind.

I prayed for snow
and a whiteness
buried the death.

SHEPHERD

F. BAKER

He throws pebbles into empty puddles.
They ripple.

Gentle footsteps mark his coming.
Sores distort movement,
And a wooden staff
Prods the dark earth

He walks within shadows.
His sheep wander endlessly.

Prods the dark earth.

SCORNED

F. BAKER

When sand and sea escape the sun,
and scorn rides high among the waves,
I lie among the sodden dreams
and lick the wounds of fate.

I sulk, I swear, I burn.
I write upon the lonely sand.
But as the sea crawls slowly back
it churns away the bloody lines,
leaving the sun, the sand, the scorn,
among my withered bones.

DISTURBED

F. BAKER

Disturbed,
I stare.

I settle like dust upon wooden floors.

Finding no sun,
I wither
and crumble within the mouldy
walls of my age.



A THOUGHT PRICKS

F. BAKER

A thought pricks
my finger.

I bleed
and reddish - brown
stains
the paper.

AS SILENCE HARDENS

F. BAKER

As silence hardens
pen embraces paper
and words are molded
into fragile lines.

WAVES

F. BAKER

Echoing within me,
a sea calms

and tides of emotion
recede.

A POET MAY WRITE

F. BAKER

A poet may write many
many times
to feed many minds;
but never will he find
the line that will
free his mind.

EMPTY

F. BAKER

I scratch,
I dig,
I find silence.

Toying with words
frustrates;
my pen rusts and
the paper runs away.

Deserted,
my heart stops breathing,
and I hide within the whites
of my eyes.

A LIGHT REFLECTS

F. BAKER

A light reflects
the feline eye.

As whiskers probe
in gentle silence,
the claws that mangle
close.

And softness creates
a warm repose.

WIND

F. BAKER

Wind crystalized
on a sunbeam.
A breeze unfroze
and
ran across the snow
Frostbite grinned.

I PLANTED A MIND

F. BAKER

I planted a mind
and hoped to grow
some knowledge.
But the thoughts
were seedless
and with withered hands
I clipped the sterile flowers

LOVE

F. BAKER

Love is wood —
sometimes polished,
but often
splintered.

I SEE

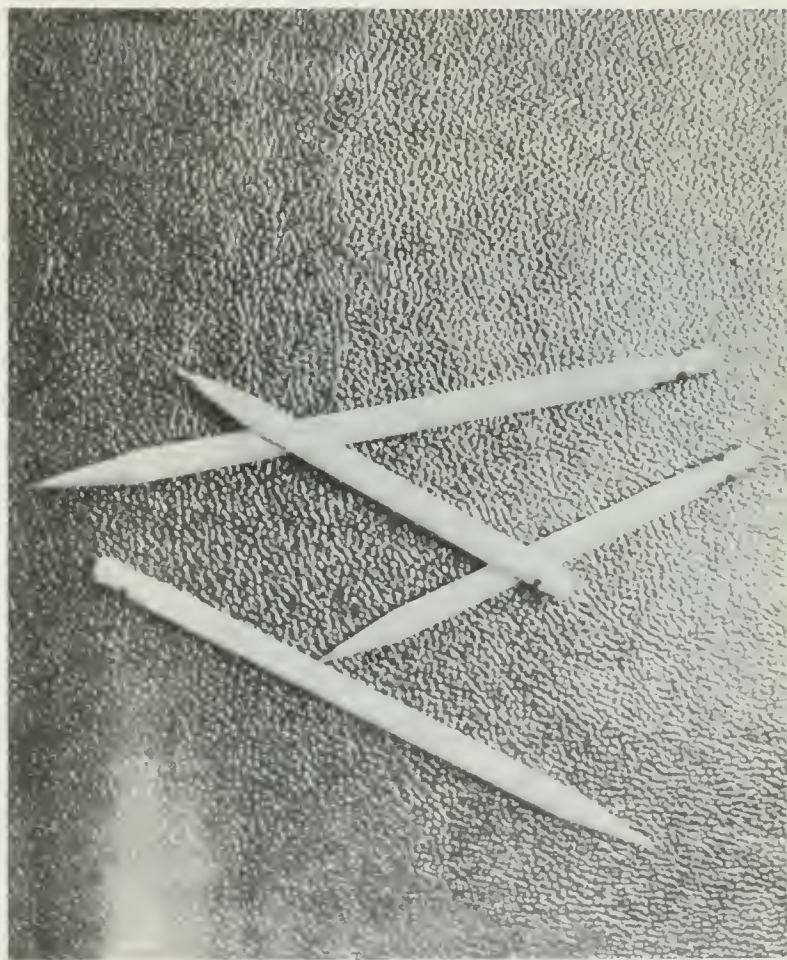
F. BAKER

I see memories
memories float to the floor
and gather.

A VISITOR

F. BAKER

A poem knocked
and entered.
But I could find no words
and
unhappily
he drifted away.



MORNING

F. BAKER

Yellow sunbeams yawn
upon dusty panes;
prisms capture light
and silently,
 sleep.

SUN DOG

F. BAKER

Paper rainbows
glide
upon thirsty skies—
Raindrops scatter.
The rusty sun blinks
The sun dog whines,
her limpid tongue
moistens the severed
earth.

TEAR DROPS

F. BAKER

Tear drops
escaped.

They caused
silver shadows
that tickled.

CAPSULES

F. BAKER

Capsules
burst.
The delighted hand
scribbles.
The ink lives;
simple words become unique.
The capsules close;
the poet sleeps

DEADLY FRUIT

F. BAKER

Deadly fruit is gathered
in a basket.

Where worms
squirm
in ecstasy,
the seeds escape.

Death blooms once again.

GUILTY PETALS

F. BAKER

Guilty petals
flutter
on blistered minds

As trembling hands grasp for these plants
the voice of justice is rooted.

PAIN

F. BAKER

Pain kissed my forehead
and smiled.

Sweet poison stung my lips;
I died.

MOONBEAMS

F. BAKER

Moonbeams skate
upon my scalp —
silver fingers unbuttoning
 memories
tongue - locked —
and a grey liquid
bruised my eyes.

FALL

F. BAKER

A tree bends,
leaves yellow with shame.

Branches pierce the wind
and silence eats silence.

AS DREAMS AWAKE

F. BAKER

As dreams awake
cylindrical mirrors
slice the morning.

POEM OF NON- UNDERSTANDING I

M. GABRIEL

Isn't life wondrous?

They ask
I wonder

My time
things were bad
every day a struggle
deep pain
still I survived

Life must be wondrous.

THE SUNRISE

M. GABRIEL

Lifting its head over distant hills,
it sees the blackness of pine trees
still in night's unlightness

Rays stretch over on either side
and push the darkness back like dirt.

FORGETTING YOUR BOOTS AT HOME

M. GABRIEL

Through the snow- white remains of a dwarfed Montreal
without boots
your next step may
give way
and You'll die
on an icelippery sidewalk.

WARMTH

M. GABRIEL

The sun sticks its head out of its cloud carapace

My heart feels light

The sky is bright
blue and feathery

It is kind of the sun to smile at me.

COLD

M. GABRIEL

Wind- fingers pushing at my chest, flatt'ning my lungs
I can't walk or breathe

Flaming snow pellets scald the exposed skin
I shrivel painfully

The ice, teflon- slippery
I nearly fall

I am mere human but
I know
I don't face Winter alone



A LESSON IN MORALS?

A. HYDER.

The same on the outside, they filed down the hall. The same on the inside, they all thought the same things; they were so close in appearance and thought that it was very easy to mistake one for an other.

The inspector strode in. "Silence," he yelled. "You, what is the definition of happiness?"

"Happiness is a state of pleasure derived from a state of material well-being."

"Correct! You, what is the definition of boredom?"

"Boredom is a state of sadness caused by imposed inactivity."

"Correct, once again! And sadness?"

"Sadness is a state of displeasure derived from material privation."

"Very good, and affection?"

"Uhhh. . ."

"Non-existent."

When he was outside, Joe talked to his classmate. "I am bored."

"Oh, what have they taken away?"

"Nothing, I am bored with life."

"Impossible. The definition says that you are not bored because I saw you at the arena yesterday."

"Those are not my definitions. They do not apply to me."

"They apply to everyone except inspectors, directors, and queers."

"You do not have the right to be different. You cannot be different without being queer. It is not allowed to be different. Same is sane. Sane is same."

"WHY?"

IS THIS OUR SOCIETY? THIS OUR SOCIETY? OUR SOCIETY? SOCIETY?

WASTED SELF

L. DEGHENGHI

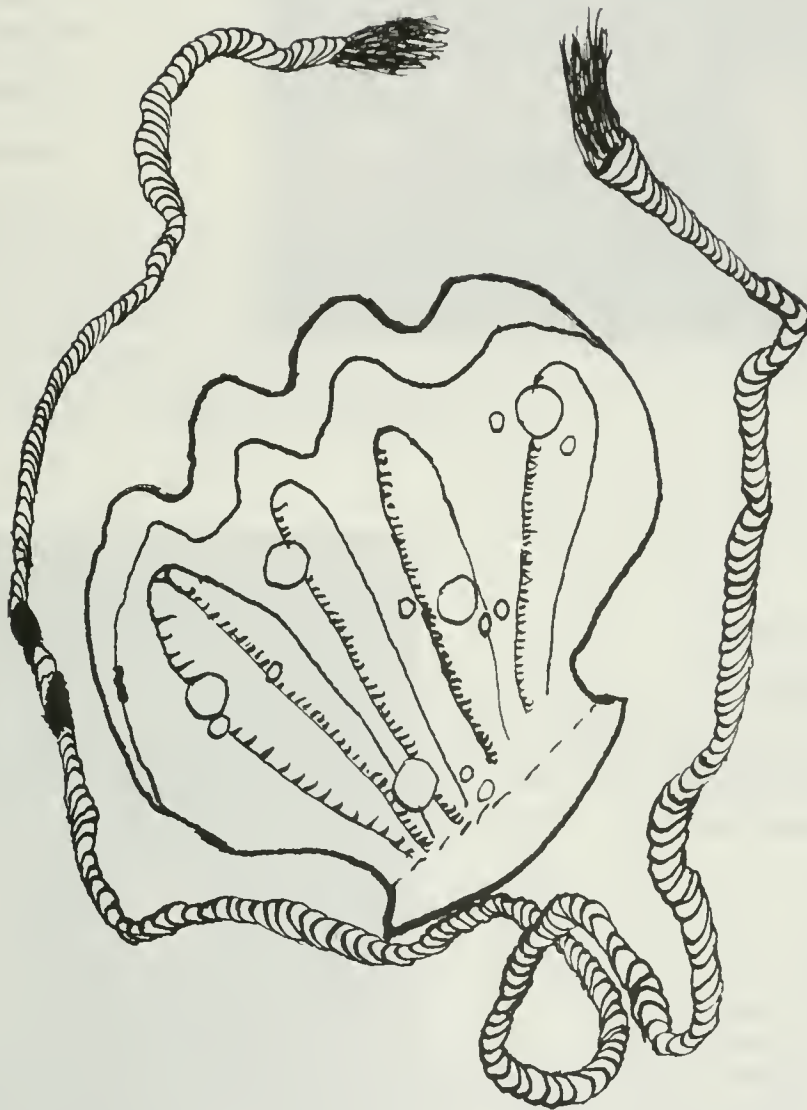
He looked at his watch and sighed. His sad eyes gazed at the motionless streetcar, its doors open. "What a waste," he thought. "My entire life has been devoted to streetcars in the city. Why did I ever take this job? What hope for advancement did this job ever offer?"

He shook his head and pulled out a new pack of cigarettes. He removed the transparent plastic and pulled out a cigarette. Reaching into his pocket, he extracted some matches and lit it. Puffing contentedly, he let his mind wander back through time. "Ever since I was a kid, I adored streetcars. I rode them for hours, watching the driver; that was fun. Now, nothing I was young with a whole life to look forward to. Now, nothing is left at all. Fifty years have gone and I've done nothing worthwhile. It's too late; I can't change anything now. If only . . ."

"Time to go," announced the ticketman.

"Right."

Wearily, he rose, extinguished his cigarette, and climbed into the streetcar through the front doors. Pulling down his seat, he settled until he was comfortable. Then, he flicked the lever that closed the door, pulled the power lever toward him, and the streetcar trundled off through the streets.



INK DRAWING: G. THOMPSON

THE CAGED ONE

R. SMALL

Curious, the lion cub examined the cage's bars. They seemed old and worn and were too slippery for climbing. He poked at them and retreated from their frigidity. He walked around the cage, testing bars at random to see whether they were all the same. As he continued to prowl, he growled softly, disturbed as he realized that their stark sterility would forever remain.



FREEZING STEEL

J. QUINTANA

The blue steel mass
stretches in
pitch black on a
cold February night.

This madness is fine,
if you're mad at the time
in a world of
freezing steel.

PHOTO: D. POLLAK

SWEET SCARLET

J. QUINTANA

The lady passes around
and they put her mouth
to dry, chapped lips.

They thirst!

Droopy eyes
flutter,
wait for their turn
to subdue an insatiable
thirst for warmth.

And now she is finished:
the bottles are empty;
No more
precious
Sweet Scarlet.



THE JUMP

M. OSMOND

The day had come and I was ready. My motor cycle roared beneath me like a raging lion. The jump lay ahead – twenty cars, what a feat! I could do it! The landing ramp loomed in the distance. The crowd hushed and the starter's hand dropped like a rock. I opened the throttle; my motor cycle leapt forward. The ground flashed green; everything was a blur; the people were gone and all I could see was the take-off ramp. The wind whistled past my ears; my eyes were bulging out; and my heart was pounding. I hit the jump and huddled the cars. The front tire of my motorcycle landed perfectly on the ramp. I had made it!

DEATH LEAP

J. OGILVIE

The engine roared once again and then purred softly. I was just about to make the world's record attempt for a motor cycle, death leap over a lake. Suddenly, a burst of smoke shot from my exhaust pipes, and I raced up the forty-five degree ramp at ninety miles an hour. Then, everything was beneath me and below I saw the lake in which I would probably land. As I peered ahead, I could see in the distance the great mountains of Sogllantarag. Without warning, the ground started to rush up to me and my safety belt abruptly snapped. I looked below as my motor cycle began to fall away from my feet and a sudden jerk made me look up to see that my parachute opened and I slowly descended into the lake.

FREEDOM

F. SINGER

... I left the jump and soared like a gull. As I looked down a miniaturized world unfolded. The massive Colorado River stretched out like a slithering grey snake. Hanging from the canyons' uppermost edges, a few scraggly trees vainly strove for light. Past the three quarter mark, the din of the crowd penetrated the wind's roar. The sun's light bouncing off my chrome fender, lit the shady side of the canyon. Approaching the descent I lost the freedom of air and became imprisoned by the ground.

AS WE FLOAT BY

R. GRAHAM

"Cast off!" The balloon from which we were suspended rises swiftly. The even sea of green below us shrinks. The grasses can no longer be distinguished from the corn. The sea begins to undulate. Clumps of trees break the monotony. For miles and miles on end, all we see is green, green, green. Shifting our gaze we see the plane of green shattered by huge pillars of granite jutting from the earth lined and weathered by the elements. The rock flying below us levels becoming pocked with green. As if reaching its limits, the rock drops into a forest of bright green trees, the tops of which form into a beautifully level plain – even and seemingly unmarred by man. Suddenly, a line of black asphalt slashes the magnificent wood, snaking its way over the hills in the distance. Dropping the last bag of ballast, we shoot up leaving the scene below to change into drifting clouds of cotton. For hours on end the scenery remains the same. Shrugging off the last tatters of our misty coat, we sink into a forest speckled here and there by little glens. Abruptly the view is limited to the clearing in which we have landed.

THE IRON HORSE

G. GALEOTTI

A black column of smoke rose from behind the hills. A faint chugging and puffing, and then, from around a hill advanced a locomotive. It was old and drab from the soot that its great burners bellowed into the air. This old iron horse headed for the graveyard, forced there by the diesels and newer electric trains. It did not sulk, but sallied forth with courage. It too had been guilty of sentencing stagecoaches to life in museums and antique shops. It, too, recalled its youth — new and sparkling like every dream. But, like all things, it had to face its end. Like all things, it had to confront overpowering success. The chugging and creaking of the pistons stopped; the smoke ceased flowing and the glowing embers of the roaring fires ceased. It was the iron horse's night — and the dawn of a new day.

MARS

G. INY

Man is my slave. Time and again, he, the vainglorious fool, blunders into my gleaming steel trap. I have subdued him, conquered him, and driven him into the dust, leaving him to be pecked at by the vultures. My thunder is his nemesis. I am not hunger, nor poverty, nor the plague. I am Mars.



INK DRAWING: J. PITBLADO

INFERNO

M. LECLAIR

Beginning in a single room of the huge building, the ever-hungry red blaze slithered in all directions engulfing everything and leaving the charred unfortunate remains behind in an atmosphere of acrid smoke. As the malevolent, "dead-alive" thing continued through halls and rooms, screams, shadows, and fast-moving feet could be heard and seen; panic became pandemic. Regardless of the confusion it was causing, the fire continued relentlessly gobbling the wooden pieces before it. People were helpless, stunned by its presence. As it reached the end of the hallway, it seemed to stop for a moment, surveying gladly the death it had left behind. As it was about to eat the door, it hesitated, sensing something terrible. Sure enough, its expectation was realized. Huge volumes of water began to drown it, cutting off its breath. The section of the door, which moments ago, the red intruder was happily devouring, dropped to the ground, now more black than green. In its last seconds, the fire seemed to beg for mercy. Reduced then to a flicker, it sputtered desperately for an instant, and then died.

CONTRASTS

G. INY

The rich man lived a good life. He attended church regularly. When canvassers for charities knocked at the door, he always responded generously. Every Christmas, he volunteered social aid either in his time or his money. His children grew up, responsible citizens, aware of the great material disparities among people. When his time came, he went to the eternal home for the virtuous.

The poor man lived a hard life. He rarely found time for church. After a few years, canvassers no longer knocked at his door; he never gave anything. He spent Christmas relaxing in front of a television, slurping a can of beer. His children grew up and became hustlers, prostitutes, and bums, all victims of the "fast-buck" syndrome like their father. When the day of judgement came, he could think of nothing to say on his own behalf, and a stern hand pointed his way to the vast abyss of the lost.



INK DRAWING: R. BOGERT

A VIEW FROM A CHAIR LIFT

A. BLACK

As we climbed higher and higher into the clouds, enormous fir trees with snow piled up on the sides and with icicles hung from the tips of their branches glittered in the sun's rays. Passing the trees, we saw a gigantic snow truck with metal spiked wheels. This powerful machine drove up the mountainside breaking the ice for many miles. Inside, the man who drove the tractor grasped the wheel tightly; his face was as red as an apple. As my chair moved ahead of him, I felt sorry because his engine had burned out. I hoped my chair would keep moving because I did not want to be like the tractor — still, hopeless, inert.

A FOREST FIRE

A. BLACK

The forest was silent; nothing was heard. A warm little cigarette butt was smouldering in a fern patch. Small flames were the beginning of a great tragedy for the forest.

Trees came thundering down as the blazing fire roared brightly. Squirrels ran hurriedly for their lives and fish descended deeper into the water while the birds flew quickly away. The fire was as hot as a furnace, as red as a devil, and as incessant as a fast-flowing stream in spring.

Suddenly, this catastrophe ceased on this desolate wasteland and silence returned once again.

THE SHOE PRINT

D. WILSON

I was walking along Mountain Street when a peculiar odour hit my nose. The odour was that of drying cement. As I walked on, a rusted sign confirmed my sense of smell. I walked on the dry part of the cement and I saw a greyish shadow in the middle of the clear, white cement. It was a shoe print. The shoe was neatly set in and all the twists and curves of the shoe were clearly visible. The shoe must have been a running shoe. There was no heel and there were many small lines as wriggly as a snake stretching across the small print. I put my finger on the print and it was warm to touch. My finger oozed effortlessly through the cement. The print was an isle in a vast, white sea and it will stand on Mountain Street for a long time.

THE OAK

K. MUNRO

As a young boy, filled with the uncertainties and fears of childhood, I often sought refuge under a large oak my grandfather had planted many years before. I would run to this oak and hide in the shelter of its shadow, or climb into its arms and laugh at the monsters who, earlier, had frightened me from my room. And all the time, the great tree protected me, fearing nothing, feeding my confidence.

With the passing seasons came many storms, yet the oak remained and flourished, towering high, defying even the greatest tempests. And it came to be that I did not visit the oak as much, for I had grown up and had learned the many lessons it so patiently taught. And, soon, the oak and I were separated, and with a last "good-bye" my thoughts of it disappeared beneath a sea of forgotten memories, till one day my father died and the oak was gone forever. And I realized it was my turn to provide the shelter and warmth, as my father had done so generously in the past.

THE ENCHANTED DUMP

M. LEVY

After the creation of the universe, the waste material was left in the enchanted dump to rot. But, little did the creator know that the rats were fermenting amid the waste, and that they would soon rise to call the enchanted dump their own.

The creator of the universe was not displeased about the unexpected switch of plans, for the rats were industrious, and it seemed that something good would come of a piece of real estate that was previously thought useless. The enchanted dump became the talk of the universe. Great amounts of money were invested in the enchanted dump, and the creator speculated on how much money he would make.

The rats, seeing the excitement they generated, became even more industrious. They started to fight over parts of the dump and raced to develop great sources of energy. Yet, to the rats' amazement, the creator suddenly seemed very troubled. Disillusioned, he saw the rats produce a "rattish" world. So he withdrew his investments and wrote the enchanted dump off as a loss, leaving it alone to fend for itself when it most needed help. For now, being full of witches and things that "went bump in the night," it was truly enchanted.

F. SINGER

Every night at midnight eerie noises fill the room. Some people might be awakened by the clatter, but not the Singers. It is the time of midnight explorers; the digger goes around and around and burrows deeper and deeper. What is the digger after? Treasure? A seed containing a priceless jewel or is it a salt mine? The digging stops. They have struck it rich. They have hit water, but the New York Exchange has nothing to fear. There's a limited quantity only, for the explorers are my gerbils foraging for food.

BREAD

S. SCOTT

A senior boy serving means we can misbehave with impunity. The end of grace is the cue. Hungry claws grab for the thick, fresh pieces of bread. Ignoring everything in their paths, the greedy talons disrupt a milk jug. The quarrelling reaches a high pitch. Withdrawing my poor, scratched hand, I realize I am no richer.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER!

S. SCOTT

An unformed life in the frosts of cold spring nights stirs and pops stiffly into the mid-day May sun. Dancing to the tune of a midsummer breeze, the greenness deepens. Unseen, unsung and unnoticed until autumn, it surveys the world of men, detached and stately. As first frosts reveal a harvest of mellow squash beneath shrivelled leaves, the cold days urge a reddening overhead. Colour spreads. Scattered fires join until the countryside is consumed. Until, on an October afternoon, the maple leaves float through the blue sky to the forest carpet below.



LINO: S. SCENSOR



SAINT BLUE SPOT

T. KAUFMAN

As I looked from the white circle on the dark wall of the DC-9, I saw the forested mountains of British Columbia. Despite its allure, my attention wasn't centred on the beautiful landscape, but on the faces of my fellow passengers. In their eyes, I saw hidden emotions – grief, horror, and stress. Panic crept through my blood stream, and at the end of each of its purifying passes through my heart, I could feel its power. It was not until the captain had announced engine trouble for the third time and the stewardess had explained the procedure that the panic boiled over. Although panicky, I could commend myself because I was one of the least affected, and that if an emergency should arise, I should be one of the ones best qualified to handle it. With this in mind, I relaxed a bit and looked out the white circle again.

Below me, I saw the trees which, because of our speed, appeared to be a smooth carpet upon which we might land without too much harm. My eyes followed the even carpet until I was distracted by a clear, blue lake. I realized that our saviour would be the lake which was like an ink blot on green paper. The captain was confronted with the decision whether to land on what might prove to be a deceptive green carpet or on the blue ink spot. His choice was obvious and he made it immediately.

The next second, the plane, with its dwindling power, was being turned toward the lake which now formed a makeshift runway. The captain approached the lake, keeping the nose of the plane well up. Upon impact, there was a sudden scream of horror mixed with relief. After the plane stopped, the relief was evident in the people's voices and on their faces. Their eyes became the joyous eyes of the lottery winner; the distorted faces were replaced by grinning ones; and the babbling by excited, happy conversations. I, too, was relieved and I realized I was soaked by my perspiration.

THE HILL

D. QUANTZ

He crawled up the hill and blood trickled from his hands and knees. Upon reaching the summit, he collapsed to his stomach and wept for his man-infested soul.

And his tears formed a puddle. As the sun shone upon the man, his shadow laughed in the puddle. "Foolish man, do not cry, for you cry in vain. When man falls," it said, "everyone will fall."

The sun dropped behind a cloud, and the shadow laughed no more.

THE MINE

A. DALGLISH

Blackness gapes from the mouth of the mine. It is filled with rotted timbers and false hopes. Like a snake, it curves in its dark labyrinths. Man has left, but other things dwell in the pits. Greed and death inhabit this hole. Gold ate at men's minds like a chills at candy. A path still exists to tempt the unsuspecting wanderer. Through a hidden door and along a black corridor, he will stumble into an eternal agony.

EFFECTS OF THE DROUGHT

H. MARTIN

The farmyard square was totally deserted now, except for a few tumbleweeds snuggled close to the windward side of the shed. The last vestige of verdure had long since gone but for a few hardy weeds which had entrenched themselves around the farmer's slop pile. The pile itself had disappeared but the weeds thrived.

The stench of dead livestock was overpowering. Yet their bodies pulsed with seething movement of maggots as stalls of grain wilted over the bodies like bouquets.

The incessant hum of the locusts stopped for a moment as they sensed something I did not. Then I felt a drop, two drops, three drops. A crescendo of thunder overpowered my ears and a sheet of water, poured from the heavens, saturated the area beating down anything which remained standing.

After the storm passed, there again came a view of desolation. Everything had been flattened but there was a sense of cleanliness and purity. And I knew I was witnessing a beginning.

THE STREAM

G. GALEOTTI

The water rushes downstream, forming rivulets at every pebble. It gushes, roars through waterfalls like a panther. On and on the stream sings as it swerves around boulders and slips over submerged logs. In the pools the water darkens into coal; yet in the cataracts and rapids, the spray glistens in the sun like diamonds. Hissing or whispering, the watery highway goes past trees, forests and prairies before arriving at its mouth on the infinite sea.

THE WELL

A. DALGLISH

Outlined by moonlight, the well stares unconcerned at the stars. A crumbling brick wall strangles the top of the hole. A frayed rope clings desperately to a cross beam standing proudly above the well. Falling into the hole, a loose stone rattles noisily on the bottom. Moss, white with age, sleeps gently on the sides of the hole. As the moon rises, she exposes a skeleton at the bottom. The frayed rope falls dead and the wind carefully licks the old mortar from the wall.

WATERFALL

A. DALGLISH

Roaring in proud fury, the waterfall issues his challenge. His thundering waters shake the air. Defiant rocks stand in his way, he pushes them aside and batters them. The giant's steamy breath surrounds his happy victory.

Suddenly, there is emptiness — no noise, no mist, no water. Above the fall lies a new dam, a credit to technology. The waterfall was strong, but man was stronger.

RIVER OF LIFE

K. RATCLIFF

Life is a river. The river spurts from a crack in mountain rock. It moves very speedily in its youth, racing down rapids and over cliffs. It grows quickly, constantly fed by tributaries.

The river soon begins its descent onto the long, broad plain of maturity. The flatness reduces its speed and in its search for lower ground the river winds through many interesting places. Here and there, the river enters a lake, a hinderance to its progress; but eventually, it re-enters its own channel. The river occasionally boils into rapids, reminders of its youth.

One day, the river enters a deep, narrow-walled canyon. From this canyon, the river says its final words and then — a salt-water ending.

THE TIDE

D. DYDZAK

I walked along the beach and watched the tide peacefully caress the grainy skin of its lover. It seemed, at the moment, that the tide always treated her indifferently — sometimes with extreme gentleness, and at other times, with an unmatched fierceness. He could dash upon her softly like a child running to his mother's arms. Often, the tide would leave the shore sparkling shells as a gift, a momentum of his appreciation for her unfaltering love. At a later time, though, he could be nasty and ruthless. He would charge upon her like a sharp, cutting blade and sink his anger into her. Throughout, she remains faithful . . . day after day after day.



PHOTO: E. STEEVES



SEAS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

C. PELLAN

Nothing is more amazing than the seas of Newfoundland. They can be as smooth as glass or raging and ferocious.

Settled waters are beautiful. They glisten and shine; they sparkle below a setting sun. The seagulls soar swiftly, far above the water, admiring their own sprawling wings and their beauty reflected in the mirror below.

Suddenly, a wind approaches: the water ripples, sways, and then leaps. Massive waves plunge high into the air and move rapidly toward the shore. They pound the beach, throwing themselves upon their foe. With their tremendous strength, they drag sand, pebbles, and rocks to sea.

Time passes. The waves plnge, leap, sway, and then ripple. Ah, calm waters are so beautiful

SEA

T. LARGE

Knowledge is the sea. When it is used properly, it can maintain life. When it is used wrongly, it can destroy life. It is a vast waterway connecting or separating countries with different beliefs and ideals. The sea gathers much refuse; most of the debris floats on the surface. However, it remains an unknown world; therefore, it is feared by those who don't understand it. As time ticks, more will be discovered about this sea; hopefully, it will be used for some good purpose.

HUMAN?

C. LAWRENCE

The flower finally opens its petals, ready to receive life. As the sun reaches its apex, so does the flower. Finally, in darkness, the flower closes completely. This plant, sweet and pure, is the image of life. In the beginning, it learns to accept the sun's rays. As it reaches its peak, it masters its art. Finally, it must pay for its living and it closes.

LIFE

R. WILLIAMS

As I stepped into the dark green, propellered bird, I knew nothing of what was to come. We flew over the rubble and remains of bodies and buildings. Men were buried alive in their sand-bagged trenches. There was no colour.

As we flew on, I remembered the often-repeated saying of my grandfather, "Life is like a tree . . . One day someone might come and build a home in it. And he will live in it forever, if he could; but one day, someone else will come around and chop it down." As I thought of this philosophy, I realized that there weren't any trees below us.

HARBINGERS OF SPRING

S. SCOTT

The blazing sun reflects the snow crystals. Beneath my feet, it sags as I wade across the drying mounds. Surrendering my body to the refreshing air, I take off my sweat-filled parka. Birds, above me, twitter happily heralding the rebirth. A new song fills the sky. A rushing brook bites at overhanging ice and snow, re-enforcing the message of rebirth. The sky turned grey and a steady drizzle followed. Spring was knocking at Winter's door.

SUNRISE AT BEAVER LAKE

R. HOUSEZ

I woke at about four to see a clear, star-studded sky. I crawled from my tent and went down to the lake. It was September and very crisp that early in the morning. The dawn-dark was still there as the sun had not yet risen from the depths behind Mount Baldy. Gradually, a faint glow appeared. The water was as flat as glass, and as the sun started its climb, the began to turn orange. Far off, in the wispy mist, the mournful cry of a loon sounded. I felt great, standing there, watching the lake turn paler orange, then pink and finally, blue. Just then a little ring of ripples appeared, and from the deep, a fat rainbow trout rose for his breakfast.

MOUNTAIN SUNSET

C. PELLAN

The sun was starting to set, igniting the entire forest. Even our cottage looked as if it were on fire — but only from afar. Things looked different under those heavy, red sunbeams. The wet leaves covering the ground became a shiny carpet reflecting the sun; the pond reflected the light and caused jumping trout to sparkle. The pond, formed by an enlargement of a mountain brook, splashed water drops like diamonds in the air.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WIND

J. KIRKPATRICK

Wind blowing
before the sails,
before the sea,

And who might
dare smother
the sweet freedom running before?

NIGHT VIGIL

J. KIRKPATRICK

Mildew on the strangling vines
weakened
the once sturdy rope.

The rancid odour
of rotting flowers
greyed the white walls.

All that remained,
a tenuous thread
to hold the rope together.

Watching,
helpless,
a sob escapes.

SPRING

G. BARRIERE

The first smell of
Spring
Is like the jewel of a
Ring;
It is so fresh
Like living flesh

Looking up,
I see
Silver water falls from the
Sky,
But soon this pretty
Animal will say
Good-bye.



PHOTO: R. SCHOUELA

P.L.O.

E. KAUFMAN

Hatred glares in his ruthless eyes
as he approaches the podium –
savagery and brutality echo
in every word he speaks.

His blood-stained hands
shake before the delegates.
as he constructs his future state
upon the bodies of slaughtered children.

O JERUSALEM

E. KAUFMAN

Jerusalem, again and again will you be betrayed,
not by fighting men who die in smoke-swept battlefields for you
nor by scholars who know each and every footstep on your blood-smeared face.

Dreamers, who stare into your eyes,
seeing in them strange vibrations of your frenzied past,
will fall and eat the dust for you –
for your salvation.

Religious men who
stand beside you in time of peace and war
joy and grief,
praise God for your beauty and your very existence;
They will never deceive you.

Man has failed you;
you are pure in a dirty, diseased world.
You have indeed been betrayed
by those who maim and kill
hate and spread hate.

Man has let you down,
but one day, fire will be your vengeance
and those who have betrayed you
will burn
in the deepest pits
of hell.

LIGHT'S TRIUMPH

E. KAUFMAN

Heaven's shake
and God roars thunder,
deafening.

Holy water
cleanses,
washes away sin.

Lightning,
God's message –
hope exists
if we see.
The light will destroy the darkness
which prevails.

Satan's darkness
cannot blot out light.

The darkness disappears;
angels' tears no longer fall
and light triumphs.

SUNSET

G. GALEOTTI

Sitting in a beach chair, I saw the sun lying low on the horizon like thread from a ball of red yarn. The wind died and nothing stirred in the silence except the black beetle scurrying across the sand. Then the sun sank lower into the copper and silver sea. The sky changed from red to purple while the reflection of the cliff turned darker bronze. The sun drowned. The breeze stirred again and the crickets started chirping as the sky blackened.



LINO: P. TEMPLETON

SUNSET

A. BLACK

The boiling mass which has warmed the world now rests. Beating down very hard on the earth, the sun slowly moves around our planet; and with a last burst, it sinks gradually into the horizon. Paddling across the fiery lake, I imagined I was heading right into the fiery-coloured sky. The rich rays penetrated the calm lake and I could vaguely see the bottom. Suddenly, the reddish sky disappeared and it was quite dark. The sun had gone to another part of the world and would be back tomorrow.

SUNSET AT THE LAKE

J. OGILVIE

As I glanced at the setting sun, I saw colourful rays rise far above the clouds and give gleaming light and beauty. It appeared to be a calm evening and there were only a few small ripples dancing on the lake. The waves were decorated with colours hitting and rebounding from the surface. A few feet above the water, gulls playfully squawked and plunged searching for food. Abruptly, as if someone had turned off a light, all of the loveliness stopped. The sun had set leaving this part of the world alone for twelve hours.

A MISTY MORNING IN ENGLAND

R. GRAHAM

The mist shrouds the rising sun in a mantle of white which never seems to lift from England. This sea of white, thicker than water, feels cool and refreshing on the face. A beautiful network of fresh green smells is laced together to form a refreshing perfume. Walking along, one may bump against bushes, trees and even other people because sight is obscured by the white darkness. Alas, nothing lasts forever; the cloak dissolves into the ground. Finally, the darkness is dispersed.

MORNING

D. MONOD

Morning comes to threaten the mists' ownership of earth once again; and as always, the day will win. The sun's rays, glowing swords, pierce hazily the mist which shrouds the empty streets. A gentle breeze passes, scattering the mist. The grey drifts over the fields and hills, through the abandoned roads, until, with nowhere left to hide, it cries and struggles, with outstretched hands, with spreading arms, for mercy; it implores the heavens for pity, its breath gasping like a small hungry bird's plea for food and shelter. Then, in a last glorious crescendo, it vanishes into the cool, sweet morning air. With the sun comes good; as with the night, mystery. The pigeons, early morning carrions, come now stumbling clumsily toward the brightening earth. The arrows bolt down as the water collects on the grass and flowers like tears for the dead – tears that come every morning for the defeated night. Day rides his golden chariot and the light reflects from his shield a smile upon the land. This is the breach of the heavens and the earth, where none can pass save the immortal.

THE EAGLE

A. DALGLISH

The eagle woke in the morning sun. Frozen dew stuck to his feathers. Shaking violently and beating his wings, he repelled sleepiness. From his eyrie, he looks down on the valley. He leaps into flight while the cold air pecks mischievously at his skin. Far below, a rabbit grazes peacefully, unaware. The eagle, wings tucked in plummets. Suddenly, sharp talons and a vicious beak greet the rabbit. Death. The bird flies slowly back to its nest, a corpse in its hands.

ICICLE

D. DYDZAK

Pointed dagger in a damp dungeon
slowly drips saliva
onto the ground
until it is no more

THE AMBUSH

J. QUINTANA

Late April
and melting snows
fill the streets
with abysmal pools –

deep slush traps
for intrepid pedestrians
who dare
confront the sludge.

CRACKED SNOW

F. BAKER

Upon
a glass,
sparkles with broken
reflections,
cracked snow.

FROST

J. QUINTANA

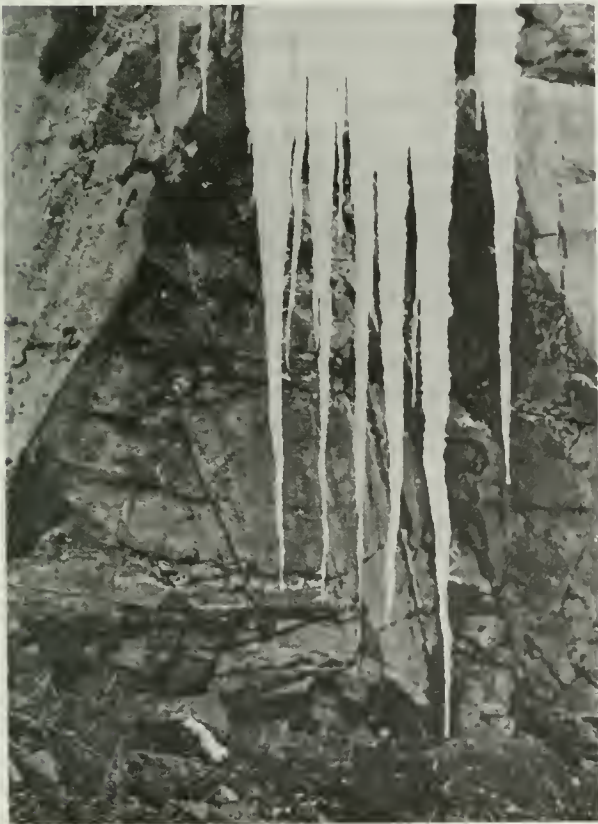
The premature frost
of early October,
frozen early morning dew,
clear white crystals.

Killer of grass and flowers —
brute savagery
in the cold murder
executed with chilling beauty.

WHAT HAPPENS IN THE FALL

W. POWELL

“Come, little leaves, over the hills with me and play; put on your suits of red and gold, for summer is gone, and the months are growing cold.” The leaves heard the wind’s call and they left their silvery perches to fly with the wind who whistled tunes they all knew. Dancing and twirling through the air, they went. Winter had called them and they were content. Now, all sleeping in their winter beds, it was sad to think that they were all dead.



NATURE IN SUMMER

A. BLACK

Camp is a beautiful place to be in summer. For once in a long year, I am able to get close to animals and observe their bodies and their habits. Some mornings the rustling of chipmunks in my tent wakes me, while the croaking of frogs makes me fall asleep at night. On my canoe trip I was lucky enough to come within a few feet of a deer; while on another occasion I could descry a blue heron swooping down to the silver lake at dawn. Paddling down the lake and seeing a beaver flapping his tail is a sight to see. The forests are so beautiful with the birches blowing in the wind, the calls of the loons from the lake shore, and the reflections of sunsets on the water.

BLIZZARD

A. SCHUBERT

He positively had to stop now. His dark moustache had grown thin icicles which pierce his lower lip. His dogs, too, were happy to be able to rest. Growling, they rolled in deep powder, feeling the satisfaction from the stinging snowflakes which the blizzard whipped horizontally across the plain.

The man unstrapped a package from the sled, set up the tent, and then hung a red flag at the end of a long wire which he stuck in the crisp snow. Now, inside the tent, he felt the muffled sound of the storm and his white breath rose to the top of the tent. He felt very weak; his heart was exposed to too much work. His dark face grew wrinkles of desperation and pain. With blue, frozen fingers, he lit the candle and clumsily opened a pocket-sized Bible. Numbed fingers turned the pages until he found the page; he murmured a psalm — a prayer for God's help.

"I should have listened and not have started out that stubbornly," he thought, "please forgive me."

Meanwhile, the candle heated the shelter and he took off his heavy coat. His back ached and he felt the frostbite in his feet. He stretched and a tear rolled down his cheek, glittering in the dim candle light. Soon, after a few sighs, he began snoring heavily. The noise continued until his heart gave up. He lay there, a relaxed expression upon his face, and outside in the morning sun, the huskies growled for food.

AUTUMN LEAVES

M. OSMOND

The golden rays of sun shine through the autumn leaves onto a colourful carpet below. The leaves glow in all their glory before giving way to the freezing snow and ice. Tall trees by the roadside arch overhead like the roof of a great cathedral and their leaves are more radiant than the stained glass windows. From a distance the leaves on the mountainside look like rolling waves of colour and the still water of the lake reflects the glory.

J. OGILVIE

I could see the bright red and orange leaves slowly descending from hibernating trees. The yelling and screaming of joyful, playing children screaming of joyful children playing in the fallen leaves caught my ear and I suddenly saw a rawhide football sail slowly through the air. Then I heard the patter of rain quickly striking the window pane and everybody abruptly scrambled for his bike or for shelter. The next day, I could hear the crackling of a fire and smell the acrid scent of burning leaves.

WINTERTIME BLUES

I. ROSS.

"Ring-g-g-g," the bell sounded; class was over.

"Ugh," groaned a boy pulling himself to his feet. "Man, what a boring period. Stupid poetry." The warm sun streaked through the panes of glass and formed a cage-like pattern on the opposite walls. The people at the back of the room had just spent three-quarters of an hour squinting and trying to shade their eyes from the bright light. They rushed for the shade at the front of the class. "That sure was a boring time," he repeated to himself.

"Well, I don't think so, Al," said the girl beside him. "That poetry isn't all that bad. In fact, I think it's kinda nice."

"I don't know, Catherine. Maybe the poetry isn't that bad, but the way he spends the period talking about it, I don't know." Catherine picked up her books and began walking away from the classroom, ignoring the boy. She wasn't very attractive, but was popular because of her ability to talk. Her only gift was knowing people by instinct; she could challenge any argument and win it solely by instinct. Alistar knew this, but he wished to carry on the conversation; however, he could not figure anything proper to say.

"Do you really believe so?" he finally asked, trying to impress her with his good sentence structure.

"Yes, I do - oh, hi Doug!" she interrupted. "In fact, I couldn't care less what Craik has to say about it. Good poetry is good poetry, no matter how poorly it may be presented." He was stumped for a response and had to change the subject.

"It's a nice day today, isn't it?"

"Hi, Melody," she interrupted and waved.

"Isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. We haven't had such a nice day in weeks, and there's lots of snow."

"Yah, lots of snow for skiing. Do you ski?" He was happier now that he was talking to her.

"Yes, I do."

"The only problem was that lousy sun in class."

"Well, I thought it was nice. It isn't often during the middle of winter that you get this much sunshine."

"Yah, well, I guess so." He knew he had hit another sour spot.

"Well, 'bye, I've got to go to biology." She turned left and slowly dissolved into the sea of heads.

"Yah, biology," he said to himself. "And I've got to go to physics. Damned, boring physics. Ever a lousy way to finish off a lousy day." He turned right and slowly began walking down the stairs toward the blazing sun.

LES CIGARETTES

N. MC CONNELL

Les cigarettes sont laides pour l'environnement et pour la santé
Et pour nos poumons quand on va chanter
Mais peut-être dans quelques années . . .

UNE FILLE DE LA LOIRE

B. GORDON

Il y avait une fille de la Loire,
Qui ne faisait jamais ses devoirs.
Elle jouait toujours avec sa poupée,
Et maintenant elle ne sait pas son histoire.

IL SORT

D. KUTTEN

Soudain, l'homme lève la main
Il dit: "J'ai très faim."
Maintenant, il sort
Et là, il meurt.

HOCKEY

VAILLANCOURT

Je suis sur la glace
Je prends toute la place
J'arrête tous les buts
Ou peut-être aurais-je dû
Je voudrais être "pro"
Lorsque je serai gros
Alors on dira de moi
Des gardiens de buts, je suis soi.

LA GRENOUILLE

P. TEMPLETON

Il était une fois une grenouille
qui habitait dans l'étang.
Elle mange, mange, mange le fenouil.
Elle grimpe tous les soirs sur une rampe.
Un loup marche devant la grenouille
et la grenouille
a eu très peur.

L'OISEAU

A. WEBSTER

Il y a un joli petit oiseau qui s'appelle Jean. C'est un petit oiseau. Il a perdu sa mère. Il habite dans un arbre près de la forêt. Dans la forêt il y a des canards, des beaux ours et d'autres animaux. Voila Père Martin avec son fusil. Il veut tuer Jean. Il lance des boulets et Jean est fini.



LINO: R. RILEY

L'OISEAU

C. ARNOLD-FORSTER

Un vieil oiseau vole
et il voit un loup
qui veut tuer une grenouille
mais l'oiseau crie, "Loup, regarde."
Il regarde et la grenouille
saute dans l'étrang.
Elle est sauvée.

L'OISEAU

T. ZYTO

J'ai un oiseau qui est beau qui jou dans le seau,
Et qui boit de l'eau
Il est orange et rouge
Et il est assis sur la pelouse.

LE PETIT CHIEN

C. CHANG

Une nuit, quand je dormais dans mon lit, j'entendis du bruit. Le vent venait de la fenêtre. Quand je regardai dehors par la fenêtre, je vis un petit chien qui battait avec ses pattes sur la vitre. Quand j'ouvris la fenêtre, il courut dans ma chambre et il commença à manger des fruits. Après ça il courut dehors par la fenêtre et il s'en alla.

SUNRISE

M. OSMOND

It is five o' clock and the city is dead. I lie awake, staring from my window; the sun begins to rise. Knowing the magnificent scene which would follow, I stay awake. Suddenly, there is light, just a little, but enough for me to discern tall skyscrapers. As the sun climbs, I see its reflection on the lake in the park next to my house. Now the birds start their morning symphony and from afar a rooster crows — a harsh stern call. The shadows from the skyscrapers play in the streets below. People start to move, to rush here and there, making their ways to work. As the sun ascends, the shadows shrink away only to return at sunset.

REBIRTH

J. KIRKPATRICK

Light passes with dusk
yet the sentinel
remains,
 hoping.

And though the proud crag
 now stoops

before the prying
fingers
fingers of wind
 of rain
 of sea
it dies.

Now the winds scatter the dust
onto the fields
where it returns
 as a man's wheat.



SUNRISE

G. GALEOTTI

It is cold in the penumbra and a thin sheet of clear ice lies over the water in the puddles. Over the lake, a mist hovers, gloomy and chilly. Small icicles glisten in the full moon and all the creatures stand still. A weak light appears in the eastern sky. The lake rejoices, reflecting the vermillion light; the rooster sings. The mist lifts and with it the Canada geese take off, flapping their great wings, and sending their calls the gelid air, announce another day.

SILENCE

M. BANDEEN

Sleepless nights fearfully
Imagine utopias;
Lazy keys close the doors of meditation,
Envy of burglars.
Never disputed master of time
Counts the hours of memory,
Enemy of no one.

NEW SHOES

N. TINGLEY

I went with my mother to choose
 A new pair of shoes.
 I felt weak
 When I heard a little squeak.
 Maybe there was a mouse
 Using it as a house.
 I said to mum,
 "You're a bit of a crumb.
 I think I'll buy sneakers
 That aren't such squeakers."



WHEN I JOINED THE CIRCUS

B. BRYDON

Once I joined the circus — on November 27, 1974, a Monday. The first time they let me watch them. Then I wanted to be a clown. So the next show, I went out and did my act. I juggled some eggs. I tripped over my foot and the eggs went crack on my head. That was the funniest thing I ever did.

THE POOR FAMILY

I. OGILVIE

Once upon a time there was a poor family that had no food. One day they got a baby. They had nothing to give the baby but they were very excited. One day the father said, "Why don't we go for a walk?"

"OK," said the family.

So they went for a walk and they saw a house. They knocked but nobody answered. The door opened. They went in and saw a stove cooking. By it was a note which said, "Whoever comes in this house will have this house for keeps."

THE HOBO

G. REFORD

One day I saw a hobo begging for food. I went up to him and said, "Why are you so cheerful?" The hobo replied, "Because I decided to go home." The next day I saw the man leave for home. He started through the forest with a little sack over his shoulder. He met an old lady and asked her, "Can you please tell me the way home?"

"Yes, indeed I can; just turn to the right and follow your nose," said the old lady. The hobo walked on just as the lady had said. He came upon a little shack in the forest with smoke coming from its chimney. Suddenly, the door flew open and his mother ran out with tears in her eyes and since then they have lived happily.

THE SUPER DUPER EXSOM MACHINE

R. KOENIG

One day as I was walking my dog I was thinking of all the things I hate to do and one thing I hate to do most is to set the table. So I thought that I should invent something that would do it for me.

When I got home, I was thinking about the materials. After a few days, I got these materials — copper wires, a big steel box, and buttons. I got the box and put the wires in it. I attached the arms and legs made of steel so they could hold on to things. After, I put on the buttons in the holes drilled in the steel. A little later, I put on wheels so it could roll to the kitchen. Beside each button I wrote the things the machine was programmed to do. If you wanted the machine to bring bread to the table, you would press the button marked bread. When I was finished, I showed it to my dad. He said, "This is a very good thing you made." Soon this machine was so good, I called it "The super Duper Exsom Machine." From then on everyone in our house used it.

MY LIFE AS A PENCIL

B. SHESIDAN

My life started when I was just a tiny lead, born in the St. Eraser Hospital. I seemed different from the others. Many of them had shimmering personalities but I had an old family. My great, great, great grandfather was the first pencil ever made and used. My great-cousin, Penny was used by Oliver Cromwell in 1648 (she was a pen).

When I was three metres old, I was lonely until I was bought by an eight-year old boy. I thought he was nice until I found out something dreaded by all pencils — he chewed his pencils! Then one rainy day he dropped me. I was carried through a puddle right into the sewer, and that was the end of my life.

STORY OF A PENCIL

D. STEVENS

My name is Herbert Blackman. I am a pencil. My owner calls me HB. He uses me a lot. I was born in a hospital named St. Standard Pencil Hole in a city named Selwyn House in a country named Westmount. My owner has a dog. I don't like him and he doesn't like me. Today, my owner dropped me on the floor and did not pick me up. That dog picked me up and put me in the electric pencil sharpener. If you are wondering how I got out, don't. I'm not out! I've been saying a mouthful when I should be getting out. Luckily this sharpener is not a very good one and it has just chipped my toes. That hurts! Oh boy, it's at my leg and stomach. Oh-oh, it's at my neck. It's eating my rubber head. It's at my ULP!

T. HOOD

My life began as a small apple at Erson's Apple Orchard. The tree was located at the back of the orchard. Phew! They picked the apples at the back last. Suddenly, the wind started blowing. It made one of my friends blow over. He knocked me and we were on the ground. "Oh oh! Here comes a man. Gulp! He's picking us up. Bump! Now we're in a crate." I said hello to all the other apples and suddenly we were in a dark room. Rum-rum-rum, we were in a truck. Suddenly, I heard brakes. The door opened and we were in the market. Then I was put on a counter. I saw money go by. I was in a man's hand. He ran water on me and he hit me and all that was left of me were my seeds.

THE ELECTRONIC PENCIL

T. HOOD

One day (May 20, 1994) our class was going to have a whole four days of tests. They were starting the next day so I did not have a lot of time to study. I knew a lot about science but not very much of anything else. But then I thought, "Since I know so much about science and technology I could invent something to do the tests for me!" And so I did and it looked like a simple little pencil. But ah, it was not just a simple pencil. It was an electronic pencil!!

"What does it do?" you ask.

"I will tell you. You roll it across your page of problems. Presto! All your work is done."

"Why the shape of a pencil?" you ask.

"So your teacher will think it is just an ordinary pencil."

"Does it ever run out?"

"No!"

The next day I opened my desk and the pencil was gone. I looked all around the room. I even looked in the garbage can. There it was and I reached in to pick it up and it came apart and I didn't have time to make another one.

When I got all my tests back I got them all right, so I didn't need the electronic pencil after all, but I made another one — just in case.

C. CHANG

There are a lot of things that I love to do, and there are a lot of things that I hate to do. But there is one thing that I really hate and it is taking a bath every night. It's just a waste of time, and if I didn't have to take a bath, I would have extra playing time before I go to bed. But mother says that I have to take a bath every day. You know how mothers are in situations like these. I have always been thinking of a way to keep myself clean without having to waste time. So I started to look for mild detergents, certain cleaning chemicals, and soap. I did about fifty experiments but only some of them were good. After a while, I went looking for some different chemicals. Then I did some experiments. I mixed chemicals together and some of them let off a lot of steam.

After three years of research, I finally found the cleaning formula. I tried it out and it kept me clean for a week. So I started to use it once a week. Then one day at school during recess, my skin began to turn grey and it was full of dust. I thought it was from the formula. Then I ran straight home and went into the bathtub. I was lucky that the dust came off. After that I threw away the formula. In the afternoon, my mother brought home some toy boats and a spray can full of a stuff called crazy foam. I started to use it and I liked it. It made me take a bath more often. So I loved to take a bath from then on.

STORY OF A RUBBER BAND

A. ROLLAND

I first came from a tree. Then one day I heard a noise. It was some big machines coming by me. They cut down a tree ten feet from me. Then the machines cut the tree I was in. I came down with a big bump. They took my tree away to a factory. They took me from the tree. I was a block of rubber. They chipped pieces away. I was made into a rubber band. I was in a truck and driven away into a drug store. A lady bought me and put me around her hair. One day she put too much hair in me and I snapped. That was the end of me.

BIRTHDAY CAKES

R. CHUNG

Baking cakes all through the night
Ready to eat in the morning
And blowing the candles
And smelling the ice cream freezing
And thinking of the chips and eating them too!
Then the feeling when you receive the presents too!

A PICNIC

P. KRISTOF

A picnic is a lot of fun
But not without a lot of sun
Tomatoes, raddishes, lettuce so green,
in a basket ever so nice and clean.
We start our picnic because time does fly
Not a minute too soon as the rain and clouds
come by.

MY KITCHEN

S. LITTLER

My mom dropping a bacon pan
It makes a clanging sound.
The bacon crispling when it's on the stove
And the crackling fat spiriting from the pan
The beautiful scent of hot roast beef in the oven
The spicy aroma of garlic bread
That makes my mouth water.

PICNIC

J. BURNHAM

The first picnic in May
Was on a sunny Sunday
After going to the shop
We filled the basket to the top
We rode in the car
Because it was far
We were so hungry when we got there
We unpacked the basket and each ate a pear
We came back from fishing
And found the basket missing
Maybe a bear had taken it
So we were afraid and went home
And
that was the end of the picnic

A PICNIC

S. SCENSOR

We had a picnic by the lake.
 Foods and goodies
 We did take.
 Spread on the table,
 Were foods galore.
 In the basket
 were even more —
 BBQ weiners,
 BBQ fish,
 French fries and salad.
 All in a dish
 Mustard and ketchup,
 Relish and pickles,
 Red hot pepper,
 For tongues to tickle,
 Marshmallows roasted
 Over the fire.
 On our way home,
 We had a flat tire.
 The picnic was over
 It was fun.
 When winter comes,

I'll remember this one.

TEA TIME

J. BURNHAM

In the kitchen you can hear the sound
 Of the kettle boiling.
 Although no one is around
 Although no one is around
 Cakes covered with frosting
 Will be served for tea
 As we do in England you see

DINNER

S. SCENSOR

Lobsters baking
 Pie crust flaking
 Shortcakes, cold and white
 White wine crackling
 Dishes sparkling —
 A great dinner tonight.

MY FAVORITE MEAL

P. KRISTOF

The steak is broiling
 The potatoes are boiling
 My chocolate cake
 Has just been baked
 Everything smells so yummy
 Because I have an empty tummy.

MY KITCHEN

N. TINGLEY

My kitchen has farm wall paper; it is very nice. One day when I was alone in my kitchen, the wall paper turned to life and this is what happened. I heard a man talking. I thought it was the radio but it was a farmer talking to his wife. Suddenly there was a big moo! I jumped out of my chair. I heard pigs snorting, birds singing and bees buzzing. I smelled lots of grass and oil from the tractor. I smelled the cookies that the wife was cooking from the window. That's when my dream ended. Was I glad when I found out that my mother was baking the cookies!

SMELLS

I. OGILVIE

I walked through the kitchen
 And smelled something new,
 And thought it could be
 A pot of good stew.
 Then I walked farther, farther
 And smelled a nice dish
 And knew my mother
 Was baking a fish.
 And the best thing of all
 My mother can make
 Is a chocolatey, chocolatey
 Chocolate cake.

STORY OF A BOAT

D. YULL

I was born in the ninth century. I belonged to a Viking fleet. We were going to invade Britain. They didn't have motors, so they rowed with big oars; or if the wind was strong, they used sails. I started out one morning with ninety-eight other boats. There were shields on my sides and they had built a little stage at the bow. It took us three weeks to get to Britain. We landed on the east side of Britain. The invasion was successful. On the way back, we hit a rocky reef and that was the end of me.

SHIP WRECK

C. DONALD

7006313 hours past take-off, Mission Control rocket 18 from the U.S.A. is drifting off course and contact with Earth. I found myself in sight of a small green planet. I looked at the computer map reader which told me there was a ninety per cent chance that this was Nyron that had broken off Zytov a few years before. I landed my craft and saw nothing. But, in the distance, I saw funny creatures running after me so I hopped from my craft and ran. I luckily had a force of defence but then these creatures came from all directions and every time I shot one, two more took its place. Then they walked on me — big huge things, and before I knew it I was back at my craft. Now they said to me in stern voices, "We've fixed your craft. Return to your own planet." And so I did. I hopped into my ship and took off for home — Mother Earth.

WRECK LOVE

G. CANLETT

Once there was a big harbour. It did not have a name. There were eight ships in it. One night there was a storm. It was a rough storm. The waves smashed against the sides of the ships. In the morning the men looked at the ships. They were not damaged. In a couple of days there was another storm. This time it was even rougher. When it was over, the men found out that the ships had been demolished and had sunk to the harbour bottom. That's how Wreck Love got its name.

ON HOLIDAY

G. WALLACE

About a year ago I went on a summer holiday to Vancouver. It was a long way to Vancouver. We stopped at a lot of hotels and motels. When we got to Vancouver we drove to a nice hotel. It had a swimming pool. We unpacked our cases. The next day I put on my trunks. Then I went down to the swimming pool. I got into the water. I swam around the shallow end. The next day I had another swim. This time a boy gave me a bleeding nose and my mother fixed my nose. The next day we all went to the aquarium and I saw a killer whale do his act. I saw sharks, an octopus, eels and after that we saw the zoo. Two days later we went home.

THE RACE

G. FREEDMAN

The starter fired his gun and we were running in the big race at Westmount Park on May 27, 1974. I was running against Big Jim. 8 felt nervous. Big Jim was just at the finish line.

"Yahhou," he said.

I put on my speed and crossed the finish line. Who won?

"Boo - o - o - o - o. Boo - o - o - o - o."

You could tell by that. The winner was . . . me.

RUSTLE IN THE LEAVES

S. GAULT

Andrew was walking on a beach near Miami at noon enjoying himself watching the sky. It was a beautiful day — the sun shining, a breeze blowing — everything was peaceful. Suddenly, behind him, he heard a rustle in the leaves. He turned around, stared at the bushes but nothing was there. He heard another rustle — another, and another; he was chasing the rustles like a dog chasing a cat. At last he stopped. He couldn't go any further. Funny, the rustles stopped too! He got up again and heard a rustle; he chased it. Then he heard so many rustles all over that he didn't know if he was chasing it or it chasing him. He ran and ran. He saw that he was the one making the rustles. He was chasing himself.

A WALK IN THE WOODS

C. ROBERTSON

One day my family went for a walk in the woods. On the way we saw a chipmunk gathering nuts. Then we picked some mushrooms. We saw lots of birds flying south. We also saw a black bear but he ran away. Then we headed back for the car. On the way we saw a little shack and smoke coming from the chimney so I went and knocked on the door. A man came to the door and asked us if we would like to come in. We said, "Yes, please may we have some maple sirrup?" The man said, "Of course," and he gave it to us and then we went home.



PHOTO: E. STEEVES

LOST IN THE WOODS

D. STEVENS

I was lost in the woods. If only I hadn't wanted to catch that rabbit. I had fallen on a branch. Not only had I lost the rabbit and my way home, I had also twisted my ankle. Sometimes I thought being a boy in pioneer times was a hard way of life. As these thoughts ran in my head, I heard a noise. I got up and looked around but did not see anything. I decided not to look for the person or animal that made the noise and I started to stumble the way I thought home was. After a while I heard the sound again and before I could say anything, an Indian boy had run from the trees and was just standing in front of me. "C-c-could y-y-you p-p-please help m-m-me?" I said in a shaky voice.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I seem to have twisted my ankle a bit."

"If my father knew I was helping you, he wouldn't be very happy."

"I know, I know, but I am lost and if you help me I will see that you and your family are not harmed," I told him.

So he took some cloth from his knapsack and began to bandage my ankle. After that he helped me home. When we got to camp, I told my father what had happened. He said he would see that the Indian boy and his family were not hurt. After that the boy said good-bye and went back to his camp.



PHOTO: E. STEEVES

RUSTLE IN THE BUSHES

G. DALY

One day I was fishing with my brand new rod on the rocks beside the beach. I had caught seven fish already — two little ones, five medium ones — and I was hoping I would catch a big one. I was lying on the rocks with my fishing rod in my hand. Suddenly I heard a rustle in the bushes behind me. I got up to see if I could see anything. I reached the bushes and nothing was there. I looked straight ahead and saw a man running through the forest. I tried to catch up to him but I lost his trail so I went back to the beach and kept wondering about the man. From the corner of my eye I saw my fishing rod being pulled into the water and I ran and grabbed it. I could hardly pull it in; the fish was a big one. Once I was nearly pulled into the lake. Soon I reeled it in. It was a huge fish and I thought it would make a good supper. As I was walking home, I thought about the man I had just seen. I wondered why he was watching me.

Soon I arrived home to the smell of fresh potatoes. My dad owned the farm and we grew all our food. I showed my parents the fish and they were proud of me. We had a feast — the fish, potatoes and green beans. Later, I went back to the beach to investigate what I had seen the day before our fish dinner.

I walked into the forest and before I knew it I had stumbled onto a cave which was damp and dark. I entered the cave and as I walked farther in, I soon saw a light and an opening. I peered inside and saw three men I thought I had seen before. Suddenly it came to me! I had seen them on a poster; they were counterfeiters. I decided to get the police. I walked back to the entrance and then ran to the police station. I got in the police car with the chief and another car followed us. When we got to the cave, the chief told me to stay outside. The police entered the cave. I heard gunshots and then I saw the police with the crooks handcuffed. We got in the car and drove to the police station. I got my reward and they drove me home. I told my mom and dad and they thought I was a very brave boy.

JIM AND THE GHOST

G. DALY

One day Jim was in bed. Suddenly, he awoke with a start. He did not know what it was that awakened him. Then he tried to go back to sleep. Soon he heard a thump; he said, "Who is there?" Then Jim said to himself, "It must have been a dream," so he went back to sleep. Soon he heard it again so he went into the hall. Once more he heard it. He followed the sound. At last he came to the attic. He opened the door and said, "Who is up there?" No one answered. Then Jim became scared; he thought it was a ghost. He started to go up the stairs. When he got to the top, he looked around the attic. In one corner he saw a white patch; it was a ghost. The ghost said, "I would like some milk." Jim was so scared that he did what the ghost said. He got the milk and cookies and took them to the ghost and the ghost ate them; then he disappeared. Jim ran down and told his mother and father. His mother said, "It must have been all a dream; now go back to bed." After that, Jim never saw the ghost. He was very glad.

G. DALY

One night a ghost came to my house
 He tried to scare me again and again
 But he could not so he went away
 Again the ghost came but before he could scare me
 I scared him away

I haven't seen him since.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

S. SCENSOR

One summer day some of my friends and I were playing baseball in the street. We were having lots of fun until the ball went high into the air and in the window of a house that everyone said was haunted. Nobody wanted to go in to get the ball so to show my bravery I went in.

When I just touched the door, it slammed open and fell to the ground with a CRASH! There was so much dust in it and there was a huge carpet and stitched on it was a skeleton. I went into another room where I saw a large butcher's knife with a table under it covered with blood and near it were tall wooden sticks with heads on them. Then I went into another room which was much like a library but the books were not on the shelves but on bones of hanging pigs. In the middle of the room were big chairs covered with sheets, but I didn't bother to pull them off. I soon went into another room where there was a big bath tub with a hole in it and a ladder was sticking out of it. It was too dark to see where it went so I decided to climb down. When I was climbing down I accidentally pushed a button which turned on the light and I soon saw hundreds of violin cases. When I reached the bottom I saw my ball and as soon as I saw it I ran to it but before I could reach it I fainted because I saw a ghost. Later one of my friends went in the house and found me on the floor.

N. TINGLEY

One Halloween night I was trick-or-treating and a boy said that a little girl was lost. I said "I am Sherlock Holmes and I will find her." I better be going. Aha, my first clue - a candy wrapper. Aha, she must have torn a piece of her candy bag. Now it will be easier to track her down because she is leaving candy around. H-m-m, very interesting specimen. I wonder what that bump is down there? I'll go and see. I think I just cracked the case. I have found her at last. Hun, my sister. "Stella, are you all right?"

"Yes, can you take me home?"

"I'd be happy to."

WHO'S THERE?

J. PITBLADO

Once upon a time there were two girls, a boy and a dog. Their mother had gone out shopping. Their names were Joey, Cindy, and Elizabeth. They were playing a game. Then they heard a knock at the door. They were scared and didn't make a sound at all. Then Joey said, "Let's go and hide under mother's bed." "OK," said the girls. About ten minutes later they heard the door open. They were very scared and then they came from under the bed. They saw their mother. Then they started to laugh and laugh and the dog started to bark and bark.

SHERLOCK AND WATSON

S. LINDSAY

Sherlock and Watson are on a mission. They are after a ghost.

"The ghost is after us. He wants to suck our blood. This is a nice old place after all! Watson! Where is Watson?"

"Psst, Sherlock."

"Watson?"

"Shsh! Behind you. Get in here."

"Yikes Crack! Help! Watson, wake up!"

When Sherlock and Watson woke up, they found out they had the same dream.

MY HOUSEHOLD PETS

P. KRISTOF

I have five pets: two cats, one dog, and two fish. One morning I called my cats, but they did not come. I called them again, but they did not come. I went upstairs; I dressed and came down. I called my dog Attila. "Come on, boy."

He came and we went outside. Suddenly, his tail went straight up. There Attila smelled something. Then I said, "Go and get it!" He ran into the woods. I saw a wild cat. "Watch out!" Attila ran after it and the wild cat ran away. Then I called my cats again and they came running and meowing to me. I brought my pets into the house. We all had breakfast, the fish too.

My pets are wonderful! They are lots of fun!



THE SNAKE IN THE GARAGE

G. SANDER

One morning we were coming down into the garage. There was a snake in the garage near the car. I said, "Look, there's a live snake asleep."

"Oh yes," said Mummy.

The snake was green all over. I thought he was a grass snake. He was. Mummy chased him to the other side of the garage. She did not want to run over him. Then we went to school.

TINKER THE MOUSE

G. REFORD

Once I was a little mouse called Tinker, and I was the first mouse to cross the sea. I went on a ship, *The Saint Helene*. One day I was on the deck when I saw a giant sea monster. It splashed at me and I slid off the deck and into the water.

The sea monster ate me. I wasn't too happy about that so I took a feather from my hat and tickled him in the tummy. He let out a yelp and I swam from his mouth. I swam for an hour. Then I found a piece of wood in the water and I drifted to shore. Was I lucky! Since then I have decided to stay on land and never go to sea again.



PARROT TROUBLE

J. BURNHAM

There once was a parrot named Percy; he had belonged to an old man and this man didn't teach him any tricks. He just put him in a cage and gave him things to eat. Percy got very tired of that. It happened that one day, a ship's captain came and said, "I'm getting tired repeating myself all the time and I would like to buy your parrot even if I have to pay a great deal for him."

"OK then I will ask ten pounds for my cute little bird."

"That's a deal, Mr. whoever you are."

"I'm Mr. Jones."

"Here is your money."

Now the captain is very pleased with him and has taught him to say, "Run ladies, run children, run everyone. There's going to be a storm." and . . . "Bring me my tea, boy; come on and on the double." And Percy always repeated him well. One day the captain was thirsty and said, "Bring me my tea, boy, come on, and on the double." Percy said, "Run ladies, run children, run everyone. there's going to be a storm." Everybody ran — even the servants. The captain turned red and said "That's only the first mistake." and calmed down. One day the ship was about to sink and the captain said, "Run ladies, run children . . ." and Percy said, "Bring me my tea, boy, come on and on the double." The captain turned red and tried to get a life boat. He didn't and Percy flew away

THE MOUNTAIN LION HUNTERS

C. KEENE

I am a mountain lion. There are two cow-boys chasing me and they've been chasing me for five days and think I have killed their sheep. But I did not kill any of their sheep. I am innocent. My paws are very sore and I am thirsty and tired. I hope they will give up. They probably won't though. Five days later, they gave up and I was very glad.

THE MOUNTAIN LION

K. RUSSELL

The mountain lion is very fierce. It has very sharp teeth. If lions start to starve, they sometimes eat their cubs. When they try to get food they don't charge like bulls. They try to get as close as they can and then they take the final run.

After their meal, the cubs get the leftovers. The cubs try to eat as much as they can. After they're six years old, they can go hunting with others. Usually one or two lions succeed.

THE MOUNTAIN LION

D. KYDONIEFS

I am a mountain lion. Three hunters think I killed their sheep. This has been going on for five days and I am tired because I have run for five days and I didn't get a bite. I do not know when this nonsense will stop! The real killer is a grizzly bear and I do not know when the hunters will find out.

CHASE OF DEATH

R. VAREY

There are men chasing you and you've been running so long that you are so thirsty and starved. Now it's night time and you go on running still. But the men are asleep and they think you're a thousand miles away so there's nothing wrong. They go home.

THE MOUNTAIN LION

W. MATTHEW

I am a mountain lion. They think I'm killing their sheep but I'm not doing that. I'm being hunted by horse and they are on my track. They will only track me down for ten days and today is the ninth day so I just try to get as much food and water but not sheep. That is I never put sheep on my menu and I never will.

SAM CAT

C. HEENAN

Sam Cat went on a hunt. He found a turtle and its Mummy. They went into the water and and swam away home.

TRIP

A. SOUTAR

We went on an airplane to Scotland and then we took a train to London. We went on a white metro, a brown metro, and a green metro.

FIRE

D. BENTLEY

My friend saw a building on fire. It was so strong that they let it burn. Where is the building? It is burned.

THE MONEY TREE

P. HALLWARD

One day Miss Money Tree said, "Come on boys. Let's see if we can find some money." So they did and that is the end.

LEOPARD

G. WEBSTER

Once upon a time there was a man. His whole family didn't like animals. One day they saw the most beautiful thing. It was a leopard. From then on they liked animals.

TRASH

C. PRATLEY

Trash, trash, trash. I just can't stand carrying out the trash. Every day I have to carry it out. I just can't stand the stinky smell.



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